

-THREE-PENCE-

# The LUDGATE MONTHLY



Contributions  
BY  
WALTER BESANT,  
W. G. GRACE,  
ANNIE THOMAS,  
etc., etc.,  
and Song by  
E. OXENFORD.

Edited by Philip May



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JUNE, 1891.



# FLORILINE

**FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.**

*Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.*  
Prevents the Decay of the Teeth.

**RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.**

Removes all Traces of Tobacco Smoke.

*Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.*

**IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS & DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.**

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

## FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER

Put up in Glass Jars, Price 1s.

**THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Ltd.,**  
33, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, Proprietors.

**POSITIVELY THE BEST HAIR DRESSING.**

**EDWARDS'**

**"HARLENE"**

**WORLD-RENOUNDED**

**HAIR PRODUCER**

**AND**

**RESTORER.**



AFTER USE.



AFTER USE.

The World-renowned Remedy for **BALDNESS** from whatever cause arising.  
As a **PRODUCER** of WHISKERS and MOUSTACHIOS it has never been equalled. As a **CURER** of WEAK or THIN EYELASHES, or  
**RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR, NEVER FAILS.**

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be perfectly harmless and devoid of any Metallic or other injurious Ingredients.

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**A 5s. 6d. TRIAL BOTTLE FOR 3s.**

We bind ourselves to send to any reader of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY who sends us this Coupon, with a Postal Order for 3s., and 6d. to cover postage, package, etc., one regular 5s. 6d. Bottle of Edwards' Instantaneous HARLENE, provided it is ordered within one month from date of Coupon. We make this offer solely for the purpose of making our speciality more widely known, without expending enormous sums in advertising, feeling sure that once having tried HARLENE you will never give up its use for any other preparation. Try this offer the public reap the benefit. Address all orders with Coupon. Dated June 1st, 1891.

CODROR.

CODROR.



## IMPORTANT TO INVALIDS.

If nervous or organic weakness prostrates you, or you are otherwise rendered incapable through illness, of enjoying the many pleasures of life, you need no longer be morbid; you have only to inquire personally, or by letter, into the marvellous restorative powers of Harness' Electropathic Belts to be satisfied that you can

### CURE YOURSELVES WITHOUT PHYSIC

or poisonous drugs by nature's own simple and certain remedy—Electricity, safely and scientifically applied to the system by simply wearing one of

### HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.



#### THE ELECTROPATHIC AND ZANDER INSTITUTE.

The MEDICAL BATTERY CO., LTD., are the Sole Proprietors of the extensive Establishment (as represented above), which, by the way, is the largest and only complete Electro-therapeutic Institute in the World for the treatment and cure of disease by Electricity, Massage, Swedish Mechanical Exercises, &c.

PAMPHLET,  
Book of Testimonials,  
and  
CONSULTATION  
FREE.

CALL OR WRITE.

#### Visitors to London

Should Note that our

ONLY ADDRESS

IS

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OXFORD  
STREET,

LONDON, W.

(At the Corner of Rathbone Place.)

#### A SURGEON-GENERAL'S EXPERIENCE.

Surgeon-General ——— M.D., F.R.C.S., name and address on application, in a letter dated 23rd February, 1891, addressed to Mr. C. B. Harness, says:—"I have worn your Electropathic Belt for more than a year, and have much pleasure in bearing testimony to its efficacy. Before wearing it I suffered from Lassitude and Torpid Liver, with concomitant Nervous Exhaustion. These symptoms subsided after wearing the Belt, and I have experienced far better health under its use. I would not go without it on any account. I am of opinion that it would also have a most beneficial effect on residents in tropical climates, particularly those who are liable to a sedentary life; and, as Belts are considered a great protection in India, and highly recommended, yours would, I feel sure, be an important desideratum for most Anglo-Indians and residents in tropical climates."

This is only one out of thousands of similar reports which we have received from all classes of society who have been cured by wearing Mr. C. B. Harness' convenient and invaluable Electropathic Belt appliances. By the invigorating and mild continuous currents of electricity which they imperceptibly generate throughout the system, they speedily brace up every nerve and muscle of the body, drive away all feelings of lassitude, and keep the system perfectly energetic and healthy. Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Indigestion, Epilepsy, Kidney Disease, Sleeplessness, Hysteria, Melancholia, Brain Fag, Impaired Vitality, Physical Debility, Organic Weakness, and Nervous Exhaustion, yield like magic to the curative properties of these wonderful appliances. Readers should satisfy themselves by calling at the Medical Battery Company's Electropathic and Zander Institute, at 52, Oxford Street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone Place), where they can personally inspect the thousands of unsolicited testimonials, and see the Belts scientifically tested. The most sceptical visitor cannot fail to be convinced that Electricity is not only the least dangerous, but at the same time the most powerful curative agent known. Consultation can be obtained gratuitously, either by personal application or letter. All communications are regarded as strictly private and confidential, and should be addressed to The Medical Battery Company, 52, Oxford Street, London, W.

#### BANTLER'S LITTLE STORY.—I.



Bantler hears a good story.

"Will tell it my family to-night."

# KEATING'S POWDER.

The **PUBLIC** are **CAUTIONED** that packages of the genuine powder bear the autograph of **THOMAS KEATING**.

**KILLS**

**BUGS,  
FLEAS,  
MOTHS,  
BEETLES,  
MOSQUITOES.**

*HARMLESS TO ANIMALS.*

*HARMLESS TO ANIMALS.*

**KILLS**

**BUGS,  
FLEAS,  
MOTHS,  
BEETLES,  
MOSQUITOES.**

Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s. each, everywhere.



BANTLER'S LITTLE STORY.—II.



"Excuse me, my Dear, but, somehow, I've commenced at the end, and can't exactly remember how it began."

## IRISH LINEN COLLARS.

Gents' 4-fold, all pure LINEN COLLARS, all sizes and shapes, 4/6 per doz. Ladies' 4-fold Linen Collars, 3/6 per doz.

### SAMPLE WHITE SHIRT.

Linen Fittings, 3/9, 4/9, 5/9, and 6/9 each, post free. FISH NAPKINS, 2/6 and 3/6 per doz. DINNER NAPKINS, 4/9 and 5/6 per doz.

## IRISH Damask TABLE CLOTHS

2 yds. square, 2/11 each. DAMASK TRAY CLOTHS, fringed, 1/2 and 1/9 each. FIVE O'CLOCK TEA CLOTHS, 1/11 each. NURSERY DIAPER, all pure flax, 4/4d. per yard. Real Irish Linen SHEETING, fully bleached, 2 yards wide, 11/11 per yard. SURPLICE LINEN, yard wide, 7d. per yard. Huckaback TOWELS, 4/6 per dozen.

## Irish CAMBRIC POCKET Handkerchiefs.

Ladies' size, 2/3, Hemstitched, 2/11 per dozen. Gents' size, 3/6, Hemstitched, 4/11. Ladies' Handkerchiefs, beautifully embroidered by the Irish Peasant Girls, 11/- per dozen.

Samples and Price Lists Free to all parts. Carriage Paid on all Parcels over 10/- in the United Kingdom.

## IRISH TWEEDS. All Pure Wool.

Unsurpassed for Strength, Durability, and Style. New Patterns now Ready. Please say if for Ladies' or Gentlemen's wear.

**G. R. HUTTON & CO.,**  
LARNE, BELFAST.

## THOMSON'S "Glove-Fitting" CORSET.

PERFECTION! Sold by all Drapers. One million pairs annually.



PRICE—  
D 10/6 | F 6/6  
E 8/6 | G 5/-

Black 1s. extra.

Approved by the whole polite world.

NINE FIRST MEDALS.

If your Draper cannot supply you write direct to 49, OLD BAILEY, LONDON, giving size, and enclosing P.O.O., and the Corset will at once be sent you.

**W. S. THOMSON & CO., LTD., MANUFACTURERS.**  
Made in Lengths, 13, 14, and 15 inch.



Delicious New Perfume.

## CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS

(EXTRA-CONCENTRATED).

"It is the daintiest and most delicious of perfumes, and in a few months has superseded all others in the boudoirs of the grandes dames of London, Paris, and New York."—The Argonaut.

300,000 BOTTLES SOLD LAST YEAR

Made only by the

**CROWN PERFUMERY CO., 177, New Bond St., W.**  
Sold Everywhere.

# THERE IS STILL TIME

For you to avail yourselves of the Special Prizes offered by the Proprietors of *The Wednesday Journal*,

VIZ.—

## TWO FIRST-CLASS RETURN TICKETS

TO

# NORWAY,

With **£5** in addition, to spend.

**N**ORWAY is one of the most delightful places in the World to Tour in, besides being wonderfully cheap. The conditions are that you send in the Coupons cut from *The Wednesday Journal*, from

APRIL 22nd to MAY 27th, inclusive, i.e., 6 Numbers in all, and as all the Back Numbers are kept in print, the whole 6 will be posted Free on receipt of

**9**  
**PENNY**  
**STAMPS.**

Address:—

PROPRIETORS,

"*Wednesday Journal*,"

6, St. Bride Street,

LONDON, E.C.

BANTLER'S LITTLE STORY.—III.



"I've just thought of the other half. Funny thing, I always remember if I lay a little while. Now just listen a min —, what, asleep! Alright, I'll tell old Short to-morrow morning."

FOR  
**RHEUMATISM**

## TO INVALIDS.

FOR  
**NERVOUSNESS**

The best remedy for all Rheumatic Afflictions, Nervous, Muscular, or Organic Disorders, Local or General Debility, &c., is Nature's great Restorative — **ELECTRICITY** — which may be imperceptibly applied to the system in the form of mild continuous currents by simply wearing

# **HARNESS ELECTROPATHIC BELT**

### For Scientific Proof

Call and see the Belts tested with the Galvanometer, or write for special pamphlet.

It imparts new life and vigour to the debilitated constitution, is very comfortable to wear, produces no shock, improves the figure, keeps the body at a uniform temperature, prevents chills, assists digestion, and promptly renews that vitality the loss of which is the first symptom of decay.

### For Practical Proof

Call and see the Originals of Thousands of Medical and other convincing Testimonials, or write for copies.

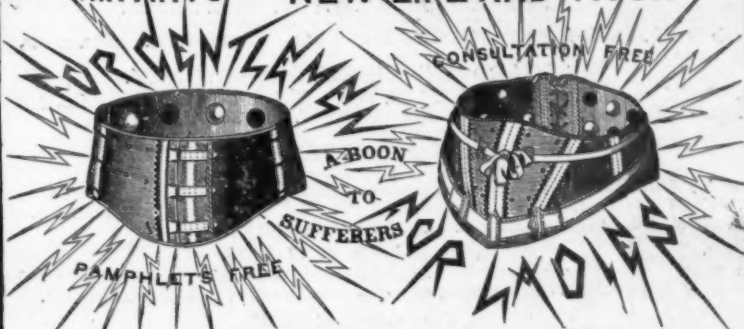
**ITS HEALING PROPERTIES** are multifarious, it stimulates the functions of the various organs, increases their secretions, relaxes morbid contractions, improves nutrition, and gives tone to every muscle and nerve of the body. Acting directly on the system, it sustains and assists its various functions, renews exhausted nerve and brain force, and thus promotes the health and strength of the entire frame.

## THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

# **HARNESS ELECTROPATHIC BELT**

IMPARTS

NEW LIFE AND VIGOR



SOLE PROPRIETORS, THE MEDICAL BATTERY CO. LD.

52 OXFORD ST. LONDON W

CONSULTATIONS FREE.

PAMPHLETS FREE.

## BANTLER'S LITTLE STORY.—IV.



"What d'ye think of that, eh, old man?"  
 "Very good; the best I've heard. By-the-by,  
 have you got five shillings about you till —"

## BANTLER'S LITTLE STORY.—V.



"Ah! ah! How's that, Tipster?"  
 "I don't know, but somehow I think—let me see,  
 who told me that story last?"

## Australian Mercantile Loan & Guarantee Company, Ltd.

(Incorporated under the Companies Act, 1874.)

**AUTHORISED CAPITAL** ... .. £500,000.

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Made upon first mortgages of good freehold and long leasehold properties in the Colonies, and to Merchants and Manufacturers on consignments of goods to the Colonies.

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**FIXED DEPOSITS** received at the following rates:—

Six Months, 5 per cent. | Twelve Months, 6 per cent. | Further Periods, Special Rates.

### DEBENTURES.

Debentures are issued for a period of Six years, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly by attached Coupons.

**DEBENTURES** secured by first charge on all assets and securities held by Company vested in Trustees.

By order of the Sydney Board of Directors,

E. H. BUCHANAN, London Manager.



DO YOU SUFFER FROM CORNS?  
 THEN USE  
**ALLCOCK'S**  
**CORN PLASTERS.**

THEY AFFORD IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

ALLCOCK'S  
 CORN PLASTERS.

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ALLCOCK'S  
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HAVE YOU BUNIONS OR ENLARGED TOE JOINTS?  
 USE  
**ALLCOCK'S**  
**BUNION PLASTERS.**

They give EASE AT ONCE, and are far superior to any remedy of a similar kind.

Ask your Chemist for them, or send 1s. 1½d. in stamps to  
 22, HAMILTON SQUARE, BIRKENHEAD.

# The Best Soap of all Frazer's

**C**ONTAINS extra cream of an especial kind, not put in, as in some other soaps, as a mere layer of superfat, but scientifically incorporated during the process of saponification. The cream itself happily remains unsaponified, and is set free by hydrolysis, when the Soap is used for toilet purposes as a penetrative emollient, which is eminently bland and soothing to the skin. FRAZER'S SOAP is manufactured by a quite new process, whereby the excess of soda is entirely eliminated, by which this Soap is De-Alkalised, and the place of the soda taken up by a large proportion of the especial cream named above.

Being specially milled and De-Hydrated by patent process, and compressed by hydraulic pressure, the proportion of water in FRAZER'S SOAP is less than 10 per cent., as against the 25 to 50 per cent. common to most other Soaps. This Soap is, therefore, free from soda lye, a most important feature.

FRAZER'S SOAP (Toilet) is sweetly perfumed by a distinctive bouquet that is alike unique and delightful. The fragrant balsam used is a new product only recently perfected, and is by far the best of all Soap perfumes.

By the means described above, a Soap is produced giving a delightful creamy lather, which, while thoroughly cleansing the skin from impurity, yet leaves it beautifully soft and smooth, and free from that dryness and tightness so frequently felt after using ordinary toilet Soaps. FRAZER'S SOAP does not therefore take the natural fat out of the skin and hair, roughening the former and shrivelling the latter, but leaves both natural, soft, and supple.

## PRICES

{ TOILET, 6d. per Cake, in separate cartons.  
SULPHUR, 2s. per Box of Three Cakes.

**FRAZER'S TOILET SOAP** contains extra Cream, and is delicately perfumed.

**FRAZER'S SULPHUR SOAP** contains extra Cream, Oil of Eucalyptus, and Sulphur, and is a valuable Medicated and Anti-Septic Soap.

The absolutely pure base or materials used in both Soaps is the same, as is also the process of manufacture; they differ only in the added ingredients.

Sole Proprietors—**FRAZER & CO.**, 11, Ludgate Square, LONDON, E.C.

AS GOOD AS GOLD.

# Brandreth's Sugar Coated Pills

SAMPLE BOX 2s., FROM

22, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS 40 IN A BOX, PRICE 1s.

4/6

Per Doz.



IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Ladies' Size, 2/3; Hemstitched, 2/11 per doz.

Gents' Size, 3/6; Hemstitched, 4/11 "

G. R. Hutton & Co., Larne, Belfast.

BANTLER'S LITTLE STORY.—VI.



Jones was always melancholy, and when he had heard the story, murmured something about "old times," and began crying.

For the Hair. For the Hair. For the Hair. For the Hair.  
 For the Hair. For the Hair. For the Hair. For the Hair.  
 For the Hair. For the Hair. For the Hair. For the Hair.  
 For the Hair. For the Hair. For the Hair. For the Hair.  
 For the Hair. For the Hair. For the Hair. For the Hair.



## BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS

An elegant dressing, exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft, and Beautiful. If your chemist does not keep it in stock, send P.O. for 2/9 to **The Barclay Co., 15, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.**, and a bottle will be sent Post Free.

FOR THE  
HAIR  
AND  
SKIN  
ESTABLISHED 1801.

For the Hair. For the Hair. For the Hair. For the Hair.  
 For the Hair. For the Hair. For the Hair. For the Hair.  
 For the Hair. For the Hair. For the Hair. For the Hair.  
 For the Hair. For the Hair. For the Hair. For the Hair.  
 For the Hair. For the Hair. For the Hair. For the Hair.

### BARRY'S ESTABLISHED 1801 Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR & SKIN



An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft and Beautiful. Infallible for curing eruptions, diseases of the skin, glands and muscles, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c.  
**Caution.**—None genuine without the trade-mark of **BARCLAY & Co., New York**, affixed to each bottle

For the Hair. For the Hair.  
 For the Hair. For the Hair.  
 For the Hair. For the Hair.  
 For the Hair. For the Hair.  
 For the Hair. For the Hair.

If your Chemist does not keep it in Stock, send P.O. or Stamps for 2/9 to **The Barclay Co., 15, St. Bride Street, London**, and a bottle will be sent Post Free.

#### BANTLER'S LITTLE STORY.—VII.



"That Story's mine!!"

Bantler never tells that little tale now.



## TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE.

### WHAT WE ARE PREPARED TO DO.

We are prepared to supply 25,000 clergymen with two packets of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets for gift and test among sick poor parishioners.

We are prepared to pay postage thereon (25,000 at 3d.), value £312, 10s.

We are prepared to supply 1,000,000 of the general public with samples of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets, gratis and post free.

We are prepared to pay postage thereon (1,000,000 at 1d.), value £4,166 13s. 4d.

### A WORD OF ADVICE.

Don't write for the samples simply because we offer them free of charge, nor because your neighbour does. Read our advertisement through to the end, and then decide whether you or yours need or would be benefitted by the use of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets. We do not pose as philanthropists. This is a business offer. We have an article that we know from severe tests and from results achieved will sell on its merits, if seen, tasted and tested. Sulphur is the oldest, the best, and safest remedy for the blood, for the skin, for the complexion, for rheumatism, and for constipation. Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are composed of sulphur incorporated with cream of tartar and other curative ingredients. They are much more efficacious than sulphur in milk or treacle. This has been proved time and again. They are liked. Men favour them, women hail them as a boon, and children think them as pleasant to eat as confectionery. They benefit all, and are as efficacious and curative as they are safe and agreeable.

### TWO THOUSAND POUNDS HARD CASH.

This was the sum we stood to lose, plus the cost of advertisements, if, when seen and tested, Frazer's Sulphur Tablets had failed to merit approval. Do us the justice to admit this is a fair test.

We supply the Samples free. We pre-pay the postage. All you do is to write a letter or post-card and ask for them.

### WHY DO WE TAKE THIS RISK?

This is what people ask us. We reply, because those who write for the samples afterwards buy packets of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets by post from us, or obtain them from chemists, stores, or medicine vendors. People likewise recommend and keep the Tablets by them. The consequence is—that we sell several hundred dozen packets weekly, and the sale is rapidly growing. This is trade by merit. The public have shown discrimination, and that they can appreciate merit, and it was in firm reliance that this would be the case that we were led to incur this risk.

### DO I NEED THEM?

If you have Rheumatism, Yes. They will kill the decomposed and poisonous excess of uric acid in the blood causing the disease.

If you have Constipation, Yes. They are a gentle, safe, and a simple laxative, as suitable for children (in smaller doses) as for adults.

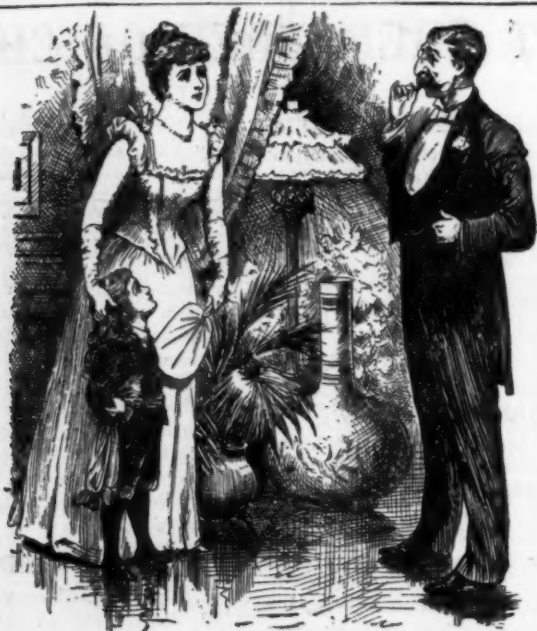
If you have Hemorrhoids, Yes. They relieve the congestion of venous blood at the affected parts, and afford relief.

If you have Ulcers, Scrofula, Scurvy, or other Impurities of the Blood, Yes. They neutralize the blood poisons causing the diseases, and expel them out of the system.

If you have Skin Disease or Eruption, Yes. They have a specific curative effect on all such, as they open the pores from internally, and free them from obstruction and disease taint. They likewise "scotch" where they do not kill the disease principle from the blood which causes Eczema and other diseases. They ensure a clear complexion.

## TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE.

Write us a letter or post-card, naming "The Ludgate Monthly" and we will send you samples of FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS gratis and post free. They are for internal use for the Blood, Skin, Rheumatism, and Constipation, and for the Complexion. They are put up in packets, price 1s. 11d. (post free 1s. 3d.), and are for sale by most Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Sole Proprietors, FRAZER & CO., 11, Ludgate Square, late 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.



STILL THEY COME.

LORD HARDUP: "That was a splendid pair of pacers that I bought last week."

MISS PATRIMONIE: "So I heard."

"It". "Yes, and father says you won't be able to pay for them until you marry sis."

## ACTON & BORMAN'S

SPECIALITIES:

**"PROTECTOR" KNIFE POLISH,**

IN 3d. PACKETS AND 6d. 1s. 2s 6d. TINS. EVERYWHERE.

**"ROYAL LUSTRE" BLACK LEAD**

IN PACKETS, 1d. & 2d. ONE TRIAL SOLICITED.

ALSO

**"GENUINE" EMERY-EMERY AND GLASS CLOTHS.**

**"ROYAL PATENT" FLEXIBLE GLASS PAPER.**

BLACK BLACK LEADS, KNIFE BOARDS, &c.

**72, SHOE LANE, LONDON.**

ESTABLISHED 1781.



### ACTON'S "ROYAL LUSTRE" BLACK LEAD.

A LASTING & BRILLIANT POLISH  
PRODUCED IMMEDIATELY  
WITHOUT WASTE OR DUST.  
IN 1d. 2d. & 4d. PACKETS. EVERYWHERE.  
72 SHOE LANE LONDON

### ACTON'S "PROTECTOR" KNIFE POLISH.

A SILVER SURFACE PRODUCED  
IMMEDIATELY ON CUTLERY,  
WITHOUT WEAR, FRICTION OR DUST.  
TINS 3d 5d 1/- & 2/6 EACH.  
DEPOT, 72, SHOE LANE, LONDON.

# A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.



If  
Love  
rules Court,  
and Camp, and  
Grove,  
And Health, again, crowns  
rosy Love,  
Then BEECHAM'S PILLS, it  
must befall,  
By ruling Health,  
will rule us all.

WORTH A GUINEA A  
BOX.

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

ST. HELENS  
ENGLAND

Prepared only, and sold Wholesale, by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere, in Boxes, 9½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each. Full directions with each box.

# ARDENBRITE LIQUID GOLD,

Untarnishable & Washable, & Wears three times as long as real Gold Leaf.

The only Article in the World suitable for DECORATING LADIES' SLIPPERS,  
*In Gold, Silver, Red, and Green, at the trifling cost of 2d. per pair.*  
WILL COVER ANY KIND OF LEATHER.

SCORES OF TESTIMONIALS CAN BE SEEN AT OUR OFFICES.

There is not a single known Material or Surface to which it cannot be applied.

NO PREPARATION REQUIRED. STIR WELL AND APPLY WITH A COMMON PAINT BRUSH.  
Don't buy RUBBISH that turns BLACK and rubs off almost as soon as you get it on.

ARDENBRITE may be obtained of all Artists' Colourmen, Chemists, Oilmen, Stores, &c., all over  
the world, at **6d.**, **1s.**, **1s. 6d.** and **2s. 6d.** per Jar, or of

**T. PAVITT & SONS, 70, Southampton Row, London, W.C.**

Beware of Dangerous Benzoline Mixtures sold as Gold Paints.

WHITENS THE TEETH. PREVENTS DECAY

SOLD BY CHEMISTS

**ROWLAND'S  
DENTO**

AFRONTMENT TOOTH POWDER

SWEETENS THE BREATH

A. ROWLAND & SONS  
20, HATTON GARDEN

**S & H  
HARRIS**

**Ebonite Blacking**

**WATERPROOF**

For

**BOOTS**

**SHOES**







# THE LUDGATE MONTHLY.

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"Hawarden House, Chester.

"Sept. 4th, 1890.

"Mrs. W. H. GLADSTONE has received the Watch, and would like two 15s. 6d. Keyless sent her, also Chain, C2, 7., 1 Fly and 2 Pearl Brooches. Mrs. Gladstone encloses a cheque for the whole amount."

"23, Brinkway Road, Stockport.

"Aug 27, 1890.

"Sir.—I have worn your 1s. 4d. ring for 14 months, and it is just as fresh as at first. Send me your new catalogue and oblige—Yours, &c.,

"M. BARROW."

"Pigeon H. Fort, Dublin,

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"Dear Sir.—I am happy to say I am well pleased with the Watch. It far exceeds my expectations. I have given it a fair trial, and it keeps time as well as one costing pounds.—Yours truly,

"NIEL MCLEAN."



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16/6



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20/-



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"5, Lake Road, Landport,

"Nov. 24th, 1890.

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"M. ALFORD."

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My new Catalogue for 1891, containing 3,000 Testimonials and Engravings of Watches and Jewellery of every description, is now ready. It is a Work of Art, the Engravings being by ALDRIDGE and TILBY, R.A. The Catalogue has cost over £1,000 to produce, and I am giving it away free of charge. Send your name and address from any part of the world, and a copy will be sent gratis and post free.

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(Regd.), which are Crystals of Marvellous Lustre, Brilliance, and Hardness, and cannot be detected from the genuine article. Experienced judges deceived. They will stand all acids and heat. Can be mounted at the side of Real Gems without fear of detection, and can be worn by the most fastidious person with confidence. Electric Gold is the same rich colour throughout the entire metal, and is guaranteed equal to Real Gold. Every one pleased. Money returned if not approved. For size of finger cut hole in card Agents wanted everywhere.



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**Mixed Stone Dress Ring. My well-known wonder. Post Free, 1s. 4d.**



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**Solid Band or Wedding Ring beautifully finished, and equal to 25s. gold. Post Free, 1s. 4d.**



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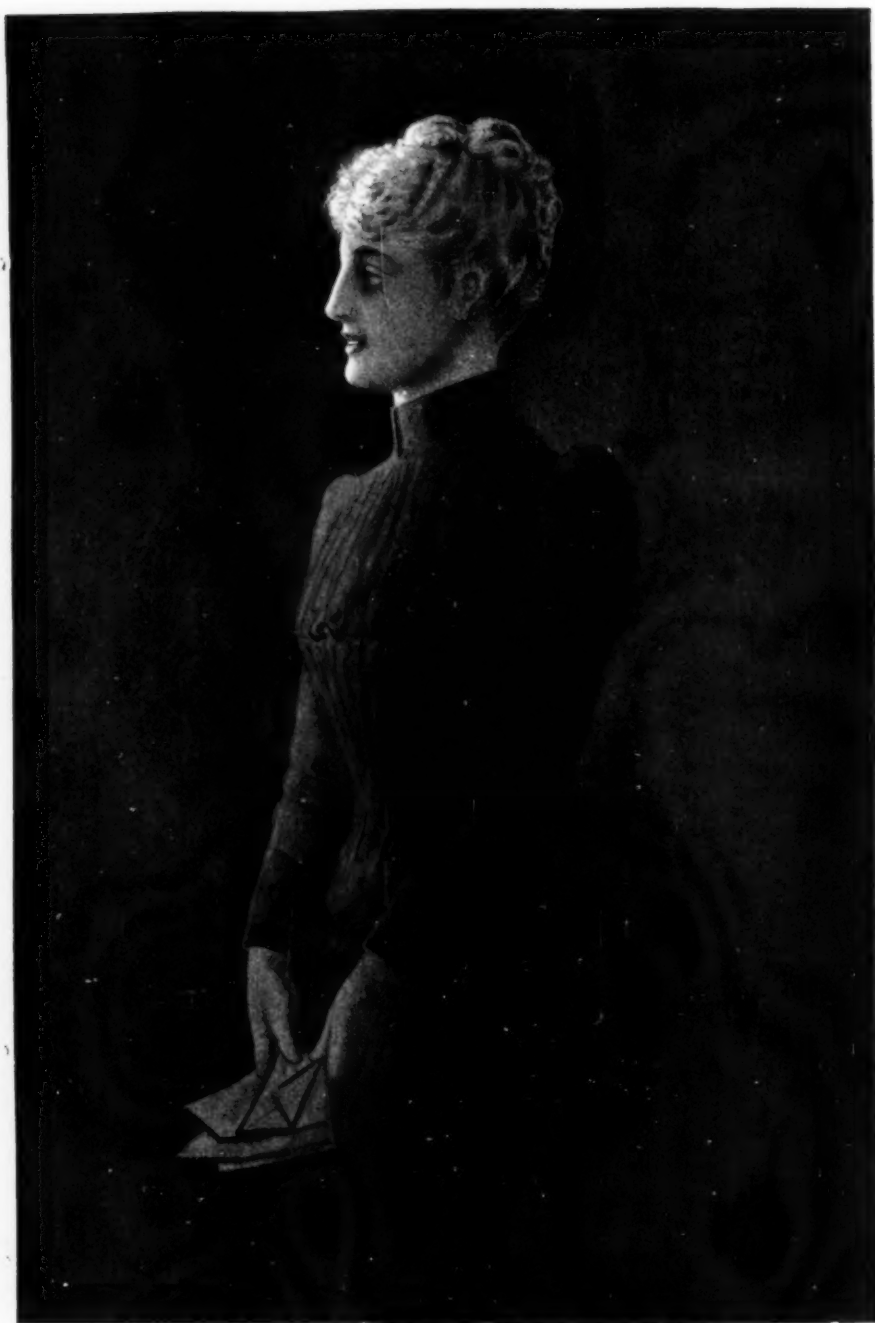
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(Next door to the Oxford Music Hall.)

**STALL 118, GROUP 3,**  
(Facing "GERMANIA")  
**GERMAN EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT, S.W.**



The map of the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, showing the location of the various ports and the course of the coast.

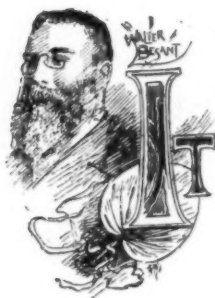


LILY THOMPSON, THE HEROINE OF "A LIFE'S HISTORY."





# A COLONIAL REMINISCENCE.



It was past ten o'clock when the ponies left the hard, white road and turned into the dark avenue of palms which formed the approach to the little country box where the two men lived. The night was hot and dry; there was a gentle breeze, but it was the hot wind which lifted the white dust and floated it—all of it, as it seemed—exactly on the level of the riders' breathing apparatus, so as to parch the tongue, and dry up the throat.

They were two railway engineers, and they were getting home after a long and fatiguing journey. They had been up and on the line before six in the morning; they had spent the great heat of the day drawing plans in a stifling, hot office; they were afield again when the sun got low; they had taken a hasty dinner with the chief, and they were now home again. The monotony of the day, needless to explain, had been varied by many draughts of mingled soda and whiskey.

As they turned into the avenue, one broke

the silence, and said briefly, "Whiskey and soda, Jack?"

The other replied Two, my boy. It's a thirsty country, but thank heaven! there's lashins to drink."

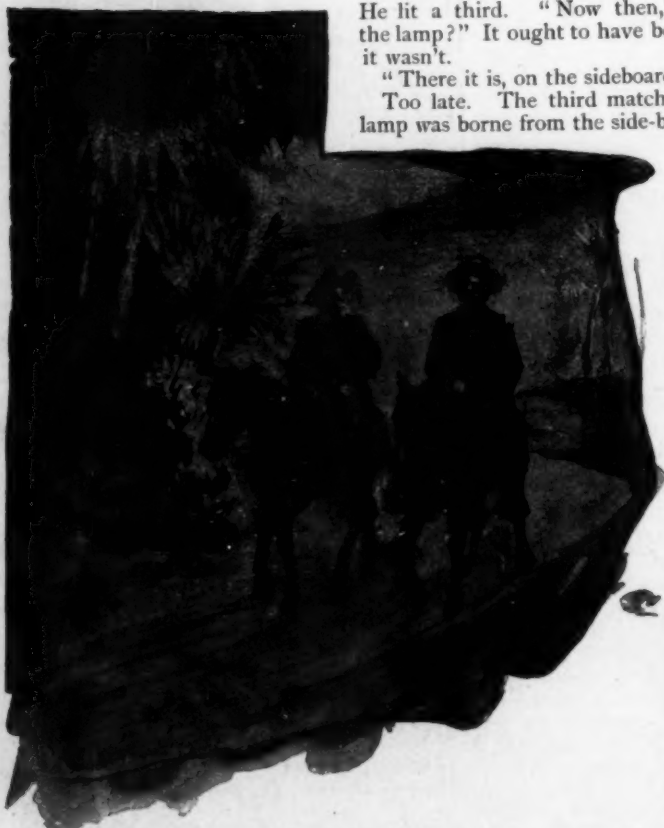
The tumble-down shanty where they lived had been put up for a hunting box. It contained one room, roughly furnished with a table, a couple of chairs, a couple of small iron bedsteads, a sideboard, and a safety bin. The box was built of half a dozen uprights, rudely hewn out of trees, and its walls were of thin wood taken from packing cases. It had a small lean-to by way of verandah. Outside, there was a stable for four horses, a servant's cottage, and a kitchen. Nothing more. Behind it lay a narrow valley running up to the mountains, thick with forest; in front, separated by the avenue of palms, was the long, white road; there was no house within five miles. The two men lived here, because it was convenient to their section of the line.

They threw themselves off their ponies. "Arakham!" shouted one of them.

Now, Arakham was their groom, cook, and general servant. Nobody else would have Arakham, because he was a convicted burglar, a suspected murderer, and a terrible blackavised rogue to look at.

"Arakham!" No reply. "Arakham, where are you!" No reply.

"Gone a burgling, I suppose. Got a crib



TWO RAILWAY ENGINEERS WERE GETTING HOME AFTER A FATIGUING JOURNEY.

to crack. With a murder. Let's put the ponies in the stable. Hang it! I'm too thirsty to look after them. Will go and get a drink. Then we'll come back. They won't hurt."

They opened the stable door, led the ponies into their boxes and went out, putting up the bar.

The house door was standing open—it always was open, day and night, but there was nothing for anyone to steal except the bottles, and they were in the safety bin.

"Phew!" They threw off their hats. "What a night it is! Let's get some drink for Heaven's sake!"

The speaker drew out a silver box and struck a light. The match flared up for a moment, and then went out. He struck another. This behaved in the same disappointing manner. "Nasty, cheap, weedy things they are!" growled the engineer.

He lit a third. "Now then," he said, "where's the lamp?" It ought to have been on the table, but it wasn't.

"There it is, on the sideboard—quick!"

Too late. The third match went out while the lamp was borne from the side-board to the table.

"Never mind. Here's another."

He lit the fourth match. This burned well and steadily. *He lifted the glass of the lamp and ignited the wick.* "There!" he said. "Now for the padlock. Oh! give me a soda, quick. I pant—I die."

There stood by the sideboard, screwed into the uprights of the house, a small and very useful article of furniture known as a safety bin. The beauty of this kind of bin is that nobody can take anything out of it unless he have the secret of the letter padlock which guards the contents. You can see the bottles, but you cannot get them out.

The other man was by this time on his

knees before the safety bin. Not praying to the bottles, but using the attitude most convenient to get at the padlock, which was about two feet from the ground, and at the side.

"Hold the lamp, Jack," he said, "I can't see the letters."

Jack took up the lamp. Just then the wick suddenly flared up and went out, leaving a fragrance of oil, but no light.

"What's the matter with the thing?" asked Jack.

"No oil, I believe. The burglar has forgotten the oil."

"Well, we must make a match do. Strike another. I'm like a lime-kiln."

Jack struck another match.

"Now, then, make haste."

"All right. DROP. That's the word. Here's the D. Here's the R. Confound it!" For the match at this point went out.

"I've lost the letters again. Strike another, Jack. Haven't we got a candle somewhere? Or a bit of paper? Now then—"

It was pitch dark, otherwise he might have seen his friend turn pale and stagger.

"Make haste, Jack."

"I haven't got any more matches. Give me your box."

The other man rose from his knees and began, carelessly and confidently at first, to search his waistcoat pockets. No match-box there. He then felt in his trousers pockets. None there. Then he became a little alarmed, and, in some precipitation, began to feel his coat pockets, of which there were many. No match-box anywhere. He then dragged everything out. Keys, purse, pocket-book, handkerchief, knife, pencil, foot-rule, pocket-tape, note-book, letters—everything—throwing all on the floor.

"Jack," he said solemnly, after a long search, "are you quite—quite—sure that you've got no matches?"

"Quite."

"No more have I. Let's call Arakham. Perhaps he has come back."

They went out into the verandah and shouted for their retainer. There was no reply; the stars winked at them; they heard their voices echoing from side to side of the narrow valley,



HE LIFTED THE STEM OF THE LAMP.

growing fainter and fainter.

"He must have another burglary on," said Jack. "The beast is never content."

They returned to the room.

"Hang it," said the other, "there must be matches somewhere. It's impossible that we should be left without matches. Let's hunt about. You take the table. I'll search the sideboard."

Nothing at all was on the table, except the lamp, which the searcher upset and smashed. The sideboard was covered with a miscellaneous collection of plates and glasses. It was difficult to find anything in such a collection. At the edge stood a large red earthenware jug filled with water. He who looked for matches found the jug, but, unfortunately, found it on the wrong side, so that he toppled it over, and it was broken.

"Well?"



"There are no matches. Try to find the letters by feeling."

"I wish I hadn't broken the jug. Even a drink of water would have been something."

"Well—let us try again."

He found the padlock, and began to feel with his fingers.

"D is a good fat letter," he said. "D. Here's D, I think. Unless it's B. R is—is—I think I've found R. Yes—I'm sure this is R. And here's O—round fat O. Where's P?" He continued to feel, murmuring hopefully. "Here's P, I believe. Here's P, I'm sure—now then. Hang the thing! The other letters have slewed round." Everybody knows that with a letter padlock it is necessary to keep the letters in line.

"Try again," said the other man gasping.

He did try. He tried for half an hour: he tried with patience and nearly succeeded: then with impatience, and never came near success: while he captured one letter the others slipped round: if he thought he had all, there was one wrong. At last he stood up and wiped his brow in despair.

"Jack," he said, "I should like to curse the thing, but it's no use."

"No use," the other echoed, "I've been thinking the same thing for the last half-hour. For such an occasion as this—"

"Look here, Jack. I believe there's a crowbar or a pick in the stable. Let us find it, and prize the thing open."

They went out together, and opened the stable door. The ponies occupied two of the boxes. They searched them first. No crowbar there. They then searched the other two, kicking about the litter, and feeling in the corners. But no crowbar. Meantime, the ponies, finding the door open



"DROP. THAT IS THE WORD."

and no opposition to their going out, did walk out together, and trotted off down the avenue.

"Jack! The ponies are gone."

They ran out together, calling to the sagacious creatures, who only turned their trot into a run, and, in half a minute, were out in the road and galloping away in the darkness.

"Good Lord! The devil's abroad to-night, I believe."

"They're gone," said Jack. "They'll go off into the forest, and they'll be picked up by a maroon, and mine was a new saddle. There goes fifty pounds, old man. Because, as for our getting ponies or saddles again—"

"I can't swear, I can't say anything. I am so thirsty."

They crept back to the house, hopeless and crushed. The night was darker than ever: darker and closer, and hotter and stiller. And not a drop of anything to drink—not even cold water. They found

themselves once more side by side in front of the safety bin.

"I can feel a bottle," said Jack, with a broken voice. "It's full of whiskey, and the soda bottles are under it."

"I've got a corkscrew in my pocket," said the other. "Who would ever dream of having a corkscrew and no bottle to put it in?"

"The bottle is deliciously cool to touch," said Jack. "It's the only thing that is cool. Can't we cut down the infernal house in order to get it?"

"Look here; tie a handkerchief round your hand, so as to get a good purchase. So. Now, then, foot to foot, hand by hand. Ready? Pull!"

They pulled. They had the strength of ten, because they were so thirsty; the iron bent, but it did not give way, and the padlock held. "Pull again—now." They pulled like Samson, and with much the same result. Craunch! Craunch! Crush! Crush!

They were lying on the floor under a wreck. The uprights of the house had given way with everything, safety bin, sideboard, and the two thirsty men—and all lay on the floor together in mingled wreck.

"Jack! I believe my left thumb's cut off. Are you dead?"

"Very nearly," Jack replied faintly. "There was oil in the broken lamp and my head's in it."

"Get up and look for the whiskey and the soda. They're somewhere about."

They were. The liquid was on the floor. The bottles were in fragments. It was all over. There was nothing more to be hoped. The worst had happened. Their hands were cut by the broken glass; the side of the house pulled over; their table and sideboard wrecked; their lamp and their water jug broken; and their ponies gone. The job was complete. They threw themselves upon their beds and lay there in sleepless silence.



IT WAS ALL OVER. THERE WAS NOTHING MORE TO BE HOPED



At five in the morning Arakham appeared. It was beginning to get light, and the wreck was visible. He stood in the door and gazed. Everything broken, and the side of the house gone, and his two masters lying pale and livid on their beds, but not asleep.

"Where the devil were you last night?" asked one of the men, from his bed.

"Sahib give leave. Go to port. Yesterday more whiskey come—plenty soda come."

"What?" It was now rapidly getting

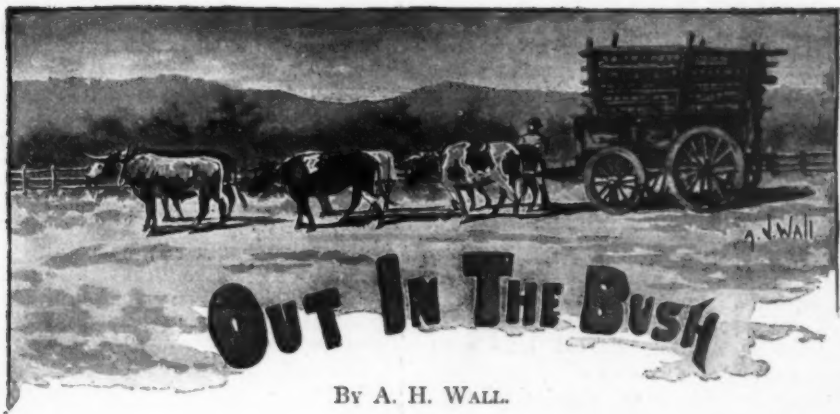
lighter. The thirsty man sprang to his feet. "Where are they?" Arakham pointed to the corner of the room. There was the case of whiskey open. Beside it were soda water bottles—rows of soda water bottles—dozens of soda water bottles.

"And they were here all the time! At our very hands—within reach, and we didn't know it, Jack!"

Gurgle—gurgle—gurgle. It was the opening of the soda. What other reply did he expect?



AT FIVE IN THE MORNING ARAKHAM APPEARED.



BY A. H. WALL.



THE city of Melbourne, well named "the Marvellous," with its miles upon miles of broad streets, stately churches, gigantic coffee palaces, hotels, banks, theatres, shops, and warehouses, wharfs, docks, and public gardens, etc., etc., is not a thing to be understood by mere sight-seekers. If you want to know all about Melbourne, you must know the romantic history of Victoria, the colony of which it is the capital. But even then, when you have mastered all about its statistics, trade, commerce, politics, and geography, you will not get that intuitive grip of its real meaning, which a single month's wanderings in the districts surrounding it will bestow. There is nothing perhaps more interesting to a thoughtful observer than opportunities of tracing great things up from their small beginnings, and few things more instructive. No one could ever imagine, from merely seeing Melbourne, what it was about forty years ago, when, instead of a population of four hundred thousand, the number of its inhabitants was three thousand. But, in the Bush, we see at a glance how all the early stages of its progress are still being

repeated, and perceive the wonders of its growth in a series of realities, as we never could in word-pictures, however forcible and faithful they might be. From these we intuitively glean the resolute earnestness, the spirit of proud endurance, the fierce vigour and strength, and that intensity of continuous effort, sometimes desperate, which have made British immigrants in all parts of the world so nobly, so heroically great.

Imagine yourself looking up one of its well-paved main streets, ninety-nine feet in width, straight, and of enormous length, seeing, on either hand, business offices, rising stories above stories, art galleries, colleges, museums, libraries, halls, churches, and bazaars; and the windows of huge plate-glass fronted shops crowded with luxuries of every kind, as the streets are with pedestrians and vehicles, and up or down the centre a constant succession of cable-tramcars, swiftly coming and going, with their



THE "LAUGHING JACKASS."

prolonged roar, and such apparent mystery of propulsion.

And then, picture to yourself, if you can, a few little low wooden houses with roofs of shingle and bark, standing in a tangled wilderness of gum trees and wild undergrowth; and say, this was this less than fifty years ago!

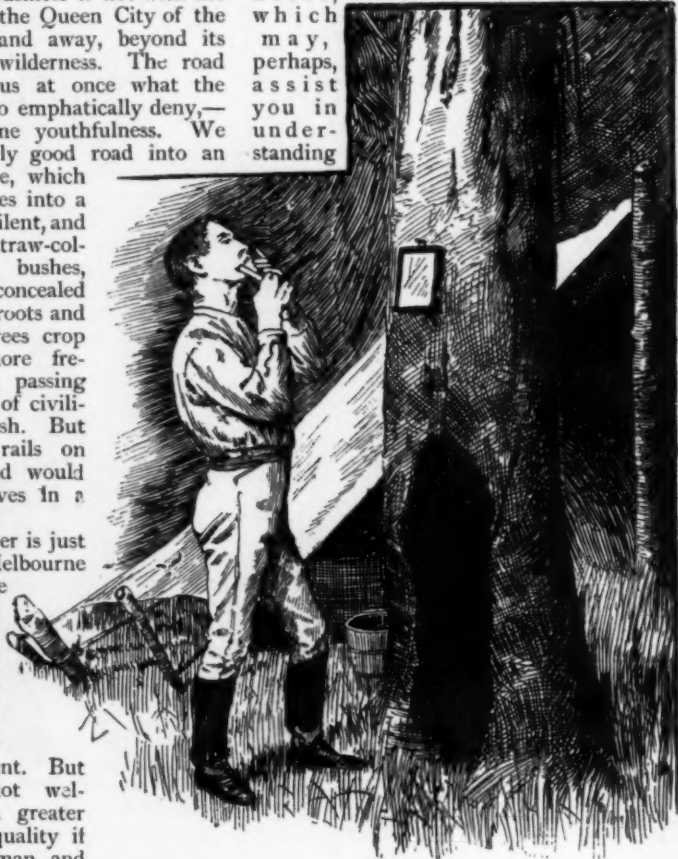
Look at its magnificent Post Office, which stands at the corner of Bourke and Elizabeth Streets, with its ornate architecture, its carved stone-work, and its great clock tower, and, by recalling a Bush post office, see what its predecessor was but a little while ago, when a few ramshackle shanties and rudely erected huts were scattered so thinly about it.

"While, before them and around, the Bush,  
mysterious lay,  
Vast, sombre, lonesome, still by night as day."

But my present business is not with the rise and growth of the Queen City of the South; I am off and away, beyond its suburbs, into the wilderness. The road we traverse tells us at once what the great city appears to emphatically deny,—the colony's extreme youthfulness. We pass out of a fairly good road into an abominably bad one, which very soon deteriorates into a mere track, lonely, silent, and deserted. Long straw-coloured grass, thick bushes, big, tall reeds, half concealed logs, and enormous roots and stumps of felled trees crop up more and more frequently. We are passing beyond the bounds of civilization into the bush. But for the posts and rails on either side, the road would be lost; and ourselves in a like condition.

There, look, yonder is just such a place as Melbourne was in the olden time of 18—forty something. Look at its Hotel. It is much such a building as I have seen erected for the temporary accommodation of hop-pickers in Kent. But its host could not welcome you with a greater sense of perfect equality if you were a nobleman and

he kept the Hotel Métropole in London. Acknowledge or apologize for the shortcomings of his establishment? Not he! Take it or leave it—there it is. Self-possessed, and with an air of careless indifference to custom, he might be the veritable first landlord of the first Victorian hotel—"Johnny" Fawcner himself—who was also, by the bye, the colony's first librarian, and the proprietor of its first newspaper, the *Melbourne Advertiser*, which he edited. He was also its entire staff and as he wrote it himself, so, of course, it commanded "an enormous circulation." There are copies of it still extant in Victoria, and very curious and interesting things they are. Our host's character was typical, and here is an advertisement bill of a Bush hotel, which may, perhaps, assist you in understanding



A BUSH TOILET

# OUT IN THE BUSH.



BEWARE OF SNAKES

the spirit in which business is done in these hostelries :

" READ IT !    REMEMBER IT !

PADDY PATON,

of the

— Hotel,

Is prepared to give Working Men  
A GOOD COMFORTABLE HOME AND  
THREE SQUARE MEALS A DAY FOR  
One Pound per week,

Toffs £2 10s. per week, and not Particular  
about having them at that price ; "

for you must know that " Toffs " are by no means popular in the Bush.

It is an excellent plan, however, to carry your own hotel with you if you can, in the shape of a tent, although this is regarded by the legitimate bushman as a rather effeminate proceeding. In this case you make matters more snug than they would be if your couch was of fern leaves, and your only curtains a bower of gum-bush twigs. As the darkness comes on suddenly, you pitch your tent a little before sun-down (the " laughing jackass " will note the time, with its extraordinary notes),

conveniently near water, and yet high enough to escape a rising thereof. You may add to your comfort, if the wind blows cold, by putting up a screen formed by the bark of a big tree, stripped off in a sheet. A fire at the mouth of the tent, but not windward, although it throws weird shadows and patches of surrounding objects in a very unaccountable way, with mysteriously changeful and moving shapes, will serve to boil the billy (or tin can) in which you make your tea and cook something for your supper—say a damper (made with oatmeal or other flour, water, and a little salt), and there you are, independent of everybody, with luxurious feeding and lodging—if you can only think so, as many do, who, at home, never lacked the best, or plenty of it, or ever before wanted bed-clothes and a feather bed. In the morning, your pocket-mirror fastened to a tree, at a height convenient for shaving, hair combing, or what not in the way of toilet business, while “The Bushman’s Clock” mocks you with its jeering laughter, as it did before you retired over night. And then, for breakfast, a fish from the river, a wild duck—if you shoot one—frizzled on a stick in its own fat, or cooked in native fashion, with heated stones and a fire in the earth, with just a little water to generate some steam. But one word of cau-

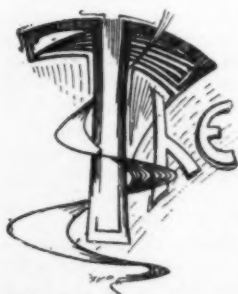
tion—*beware of snakes*, horribly poisonous ones, which lie hid in tussocks of thick grass or under dead timber; and, if wild tribes are near, ’tis as well to have companions, and never get far apart. As for mosquitoes—Oh! don’t mention them. But let us suppose we have passed through forests, over plains, climbed fern-tree gullies, and at length reached our destination, our own home, or that of a friend.

The building is a low, long one, with verandahs and French windows, a park about it, gardens in its rear, with hot-houses and aviaries, where paintings hang upon the walls in gilded frames, where there is a library, and a music room, and a drawing room, where European and American magazines and newspapers litter the side tables and couches, and where we sit down to a dinner of many courses in our dress coats and shirts, beside ladies with bare necks and arms, for all the world as if the wild life we had tasted, and the hardships we had cheerfully endured, and the dangers we had escaped, were—what it sometimes appears to those who are so far away from the great Australian Colonies, as I am now—only a dream.



COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.





BENDALLS had not, as a family, taken much interest in nor had any very high appreciation of Joseph, the only son of the eldest branch of the family, while he was alive. But as soon as he

died, unexpectedly, in what they considered an inexplicable way, all his kith and kin united in lauding his good qualities, lamenting his untimely end with more bitterness than grief, and declaring that they should be sorry to say what they thought of Isabel, his widow.

Regarded impartially, from a perfectly uninterested point of view, the career of the late heir to Birchwood cannot be considered a successful or even a commendable one. He had passed into Sandhurst with some difficulty, and out of it with more. He was up to the hilt in debt before he had been three months gazetted. He had been so careless on parade, and so stupid about drill, that he was continually being sent for and reprimanded by one of the kindest and most lenient colonels in the service. He had begged, bothered, and bullied his father into making him an allowance on such a liberal scale that it obliged that father to deal in a niggardly and penurious way with his other children. He had done things that could not stand a strong light being shed upon them, on the

turf. He had married a moneyless girl, and wearied of her, openly, before she had been his wife twelve months. He had lived so coarsely that his originally handsome face and fine soldier-like figure had become bloated and obese, before he was thirty. He had threatened, frequently, to send Birchwood to the Jews directly he came into it. The mere sight of a letter directed in his dashing scrawl produced shivering consternation at the family breakfast table. Yet, when the news of his death reached them, they all bereaved him as if he had been their chief stay and support; and said that Isabel would have a great deal to answer for.

"There is not the slightest doubt about it, poor dear Joe has never been the same since that wretched marriage," the eldest Miss Bendall remarked viciously, as she rubbed her dry eyes till they put on the real, time-honoured, red tint of woe. "No, mamma, its useless to try and excuse her. If Isabel had had one particle of consideration for poor Joe, she would not have married him, and dragged him into penury."

"A fine young fellow like Joe might have married any woman with money and position. I shall never think well of Isabel for having entrapped him as she did. Perhaps now that her sin has found her out, she will be a little more humble-minded. One of you had better write to her; I shall telegraph, and desire that she leaves all the arrangements for us to make."

"Poor papa! it is terrible for you to have to think of all these things; but Isabel is so helpless, so thoughtless and frivolous,

that I am sure you are right in not allowing her to interfere."

"The back will be strengthened to bear the burden, my dear child," old Mr. Bendall was observing, piously, when his eye was caught by a smile which flitted over the face of his nephew, Arthur Bendall, who had been present the whole time, but had taken no part in the discussion. "I shall depute you to represent me at poor Joe's funeral, Arthur? It would be too harrowing for me to be present. That woman—

tongue, and Mary Bendall was not in the habit of disregarding any plea they made. But on this occasion, when he was asking her to show sisterly kindness to her brother's widow, she steeled herself against their winning influence.

"It will be hard enough for me to write to her at all, *shattered* as I am by the news of poor Joe's death. To write kindly to a woman who spoils his prospects, and plunged him into poverty, will be harder still. I never can forgive her selfishness in marry-

ing him, when she knew he might have done so much better."

Miss Bendall pulled herself up rather crudely in obedience to a warning wink from a younger sister who had been discreetly observant of Cousin Arthur, the new heir to Birchwood, during the whole of the family discussion. But, abruptly as she pulled herself up, she felt that she had already gone the "step too far," when Arthur Bendall rose up and said, as he sauntered to the open window—

"I didn't know that she proposed to him, or gambled, or drank: you've always told me that these latter were the things that kept Joe's head under water."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself,

and to feel remorse for having given your cousin such a bad impression of your brother," the really heart-sore mother sobbed reproachfully. There had been more justice than mercy in her own judgment of her son while he lived. But now he had gone to a place from whence he could never make those heart-rending appeals for aid, which had kept her privy purse ill-filled nearly always.

"I'm sure I have not spoken worse than the rest of the family have of him, mamma. Arthur is neither deaf, blind, nor an idiot," she added tartly, as her cousin walked out of the room. "He has heard what we have all said about poor Joe often enough. But



"HERE'S THE 'TIMES' AS DAMP AS A DISHCLOTH AGAIN!"

that wife of his—would be sure to say or do something that would jar on my feelings. Here! one of you girls write to Isabel at once, and say your cousin Arthur will act for me, and see to everything. Confound their negligence and imprudence! here's the *Times* as damp as a dishcloth again—"

"—Let me dry it for you, sir," Arthur Bendall interrupted, taking the paper from the hand of his querulous old uncle.

"Certainly; I shall be happy to place myself at your service entirely; and—a—Mary, write kindly to Mrs. Joe, won't you?"

He was a handsome, stalwart, graceful fellow, who made this request. His grey eyes pleaded more eloquently than his

if we don't shift most of the blame on to Isabel's shoulders, he will be going and sympathizing weakly with her, and then who knows what may happen?"

"She may catch what you may lose! is that what you're afraid of, Mary?" Tiny, the youngest Miss Bendall, asked contemptuously. "As you say, Arthur is neither deaf, blind, nor an idiot; I don't wonder at your being a little bit jealous of Isabel."

"Isabel can never do anything so indecent as *dream* of entrapping Arthur!" Mrs. Bendall put in, with the absolute decision of one who distrusts her own statement. "Moreover, he will see nothing of her after the funeral, for it would try my feelings too much to have her here."

"Eh! what's that?" Mr. Bendall snapped out, tearing himself with an effort from a leading article on a point on which he was remarkably strong, viz., Religious Toleration, "have her here, did you say? Certainly not! Thank God there are no children, so I shall wash my hands of her: if she has any proper feeling, she will go back to her own people."

"And if she has neither proper feeling nor people to go back to, what then, Papa?" Tiny asked, laughing maliciously.

"Then she must shift for herself," said Mr. Bendall emphatically. "I am not going to have my poor son's memory made intolerable to me by the presence of the woman who plunged him into poverty by encouraging him in all manner of reckless extravagance."

Mrs. Bendall shook her head in mournful approval of this sentiment.

"If Isabel had been worthy the name of

wife, she would have won poor Joe away from all those fast companions of his, but I shall always believe that she encouraged him," she said tearfully.

Then the bereaved family dispersed, to console themselves by writing elaborate directions respecting the necessary funeral arrangements, and mourning for poor Joe.

Meantime, in the rather dingy quarters of the barracks, in the garrison town in which Captain Bendall had been considerate enough to depart



"THERE IS NOTHING! NOTHING LEFT TO ME!"

this world, his widow was awaiting his father's orders, and looking her own future in the face.

A pretty woman still, though she had been a poverty-stricken one for five years, and poverty takes the bloom off beauty far more rapidly and effectually than time. A pretty, grey-hazel eyed woman, of medium height, who carried her handsome little head in a way that had frequently disarmed people of their suspicion that she was half broken-hearted and horribly hungry. A

woman with a graceful, supple figure; a voice that had both tears and laughter in it; a manner that was easy, gracious, and perfectly spontaneous.

There were no tears in the pretty grey eyes, which were looking at the magnificent wreath of white orchids, which had just arrived from Birchwood, with a card attached, bearing the legend—

"To JOSEPH BENDALL,  
"From his loving, sorrowing, parents."

On the contrary, there was a cool smile of contempt in them, and on her prettily-carved mouth, as she thought—

"Poor Joe! if that wreath had only come while he was alive, he would have sent me out to sell it, and have got himself some good cigars with the money. How fond he was of good cigars! I wish I could be as fond of any *thing* as he was of good cigars and wine, and — women! No, by-the-way! he didn't like 'good' women, they might be as bad as they liked! but he would have his cigars and wine 'good.'"

Suddenly, she stood up and looked round the arid little wilderness of the room in which she had been sitting. Everything of value had been sold or pawned long ago, and nothing was left but the barrack furniture, for the use of which, unattractive as it was, her husband had already paid more than its worth for the loan of it.

"There is nothing! *nothing* left to me!" she said, catching back her breath bravely, to stop a sob; "not a penny in my purse, not a thing in my possession that would

fetch a shilling! And they will give *him* a costly funeral, poor, unconscious fellow! and refuse me, his wife, the pittance that would take me away respectably!"

Her liquid, grey eyes had grown harder as she spoke to herself. She had unstrapped her small portmanteau, and passed all her poor little possessions in review. A few old-fashioned, half-worn garments, that was all she saw!

"*You* are worth nothing," she said, pushing the trunk away with her foot, "but *I*! I will be worth something! I am worth something, though I am left here to die like a rat in a hole."

"I should advise you to come away as soon as the funeral is over, without seeing poor Joe's widow," Miss Bendall had said to her cousin as he was on the point of starting to perform his duties as the representative of the family at the obsequies of the much-lamented Joe.

"That will be rather brusque, not to say brutal, won't it?" he objected.

"She can't expect consideration from us, she has made poor dear Joe neglect us too systematically for that. He never, for the last five years, wrote to papa or mamma excepting to ask for money, and then one could tell that the letters were dictated by her. Don't see her, Arthur? Papa is afraid she will whine and cry and beg from you. Let her go to her own people now. We have done with her."

The girl who made this request was a fine, handsome blonde, with soft, blue eyes, and a tenderly moulded, smiling mouth. The eyes never looked softer, nor the mouth more tender than they did as she addressed her cousin now. But though she bent her face entreatingly towards him and laid her hand caressingly on his arm as she made her request, he did not feel a bit inclined to look back lovingly into the blue eyes.

The funeral was over! More than a score of magnificent wreaths, tied with rich wide white silk streamers, the gifts of his sorrowing kith and kin, had been laid on Captain Bendall's grave. More than a score also of malignant remarks had been made on the fact that his widow was wearing the same old shabby black dress which she had worn for at least twelve months, instead of paying her poor dear husband's memory the proper tribute of a new crape covered costume. Arthur Bendall had heard many of these remarks; but he had not yet caught sight of the one about whom



AN ADVERTISEMENT CAUGHT HER EYE.



they were made. Now he was standing awaiting her in one of the nearly empty rooms in what had been his cousin's quarters.

Presently she came in, with no sign of whining or crying about her, and distinctly her first words were not those of a suppliant for alms.

"You sent for me?" she began, interrogatively; and then she paused and left him to explain rather lamely why he had done so.

"I could not possibly go without telling you—without wishing—I mean without expressing my sorrow and sympathy for your—"

She waved the expression of his sorrow and sympathy away with a rapid gesture of a pretty hand.

"Is that all?" she asked, laughing.

"No!" he said, with sudden resolution. "I want you to understand that you will always have a friend in me, if you will let me act as one. Tell me your plans; let me help you to carry them out. Don't treat me quite as a stranger."

He was a handsome fellow, endowed with the gallant air and the fine manly physique which are so apt to win a woman's heart through her eyes and taste. But to Isabel he was simply the representative of a family who had both scorned and humbled her, and whom she loathed and hated in return.

"You are exceeding your orders, I am sure," she said mockingly. "You were sent to show honour to the dead, not consideration for the living. But as you have asked me what my plans are, I will tell you. I have none. I am unlike the lilies of the field, inasmuch as I am quite ready to toil or spin, but up to the present time I have been like them in having taken no care for the morrow."

The mocking, scornful look had faded from her face, the bitterness had fled from her tones. All that struck him now was how inexpressibly sorrowful and forlorn

this lovely woman was. But he did not dare to offer her help—from himself.

"You will go to your friends—to your family for a time, I suppose?" he said, lamely.

"I have neither relations nor friends, now! While Joe could carry on the war with a certain amount of swagger, we had numbers of casual acquaintances, who liked to see a great deal of us. But now—I know the feeling, I have had it myself! I can't pay my shot any longer. I should be a blot on the fair surface of the lives of easy-going people, who can't help me, and

who don't like blots on their surface."

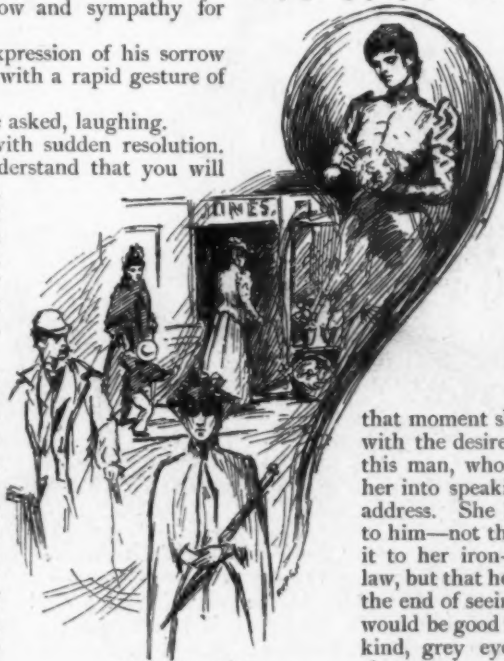
"Give me your address. My uncle—Joe's father—must have it at once. You will hear from him—I know you will hear from him immediately."

For a moment she bent her face down and covered it with her hands. During

that moment she fought fiercely with the desire she had to give this man, who had magnetized her into speaking candidly, her address. She longed to give it to him—not that he might give it to her iron-bound father-in-law, but that he might use it for the end of seeing her again. It would be good to look into those kind, grey eyes, good to hear that true, tender voice once

more! But she beat down the longing for these things, as she reminded herself that she had no address to give him. Before she could find a lodging for the night even, she would have to earn the money wherewith to pay for it. The remembrance of this fact strung her up sufficiently to say unemotionally—

"Forgive me for refusing it. If your uncle—Joe's father—ever hears of me again, it will not be as a beggar for his bounty. I had his orders in a letter from his daughter. One of them was that I was not to see you. I disregarded that one, you see. I felt curious about you. The others I shall



AT THE FLORIST'S.





HE GREETED HER AT ONCE WITH JOYFUL GRATITUDE AND LOVING CONFIDENCE

observe to the letter, as well as in the spirit. The gist of them all is that I am to gang my own gait, without bothering Joe's family any more! Well, I will do it."

While she was speaking he had bent his head down and written something hurriedly on a card. It almost seemed to her that she saw tears in his proud, steady, kind eyes! But this was too wild a flight of her imagination to have any foundation in fact. Presently he handed her the card.

"This is my club address," he said. "You will not give me yours, but you will surely do me the honour of keeping mine, and of letting me hear of you again?"

She recalled to mind every slight unkindness and insult which the Bendall family had heaped upon her. The recollection nerved her into obedience.

"Never! never! of my own free will. If I ever cross the path of a Bendall again it will be through the sheer force of overmastering circumstances. You may tell your uncle that I said that, and you may add that I mean it."

She bent her head slightly, and left him. Left him, feeling that if this woman had gone out of his life utterly, then his life was not worth living.

It is needless to recount all or many of Mrs. Joe Bendall's struggles. She earned her first night's lodging-money by going to a florist's shop, and begging that her services as a bouquet-builder, for that day at least, might be accepted. As a large ball was coming off the next day at the Assembly Rooms, her petition was granted, and the florist's shop was well filled that day, for

there was something *piquant* in the sight of an officer's widow of a day or two's standing working for a wage in a shop that was frequented by dozens of her former acquaintances.

Her taste was exquisite, her grasp of new ideas great. The bouquets and 'posies' she arranged were the successes of the ball. For a few weeks she had regular employment in the florist's shop by day, and at night she went out nursing any cases, however bad, to which an old doctor, whom she knew, could send her.

One day an advertisement caught her eye, which seemed to promise:—

"Wanted, immediately, a experienced, active, thoroughly responsible, gentle-mannered nurse, for a gentleman who has sustained severe injuries in a railway accident. A doctor's certificate of capability required. Liberal wages to a competent person. Address, Housekeeper, The Lodge, Dorchester."

Her old doctor friend gave her a certificate of merit and capability, and she addressed "Housekeeper, The Lodge, Dorchester." By return of post she was requested to come at once; and that same evening she assumed her duties in the injured man's room.

The housekeeper had only spoken of him as her "master," and had casually mentioned that he had an uncle and aunt and some cousins who lived near, and were always fussing about him. It was, therefore, with a shock that was partly joy and pain that she recognized in the injured man, lying prone and helpless on the bed, her husband's cousin, Arthur Bendall.

The shock which his system had received had injured his sight, and for a time clouded his intellect; therefore, the ministering angel, without whose presence he soon came to feel he could not live, remained unknown to him for a few weeks. During that time the Bendalls from Birchwood were incessant in their visits and enquiries, and grew quite intimate with the charming nurse in the fascinating cap and apron, in whom they utterly failed to recognize the widow of their son and brother. But when the light of day and of reason was at last restored to Arthur Bendall's eyes and understanding, he greeted her at once with such a burst of joyful gratitude and loving confidence, that she yielded to the "sheer force of overmastering circumstances," and never attempted to get out of the path of that particular Bendall again.





## HOW LADIES LIVED IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THE EDITOR.



**Y**OUNG ladies of the present day have, as a rule, very indulgent chaperons; and they are allowed to share the enjoyments of their elders to a much greater extent than was permitted to the girls of the days gone by. Even the ealdorman's daughters had to assist the servants in household labour; they had to spin and to cook; and if upon some occasions they were admitted to the hall for the evening recreation, they were not expected to speak, even when they were honoured by being spoken to. The Anglo-Saxon *duenna* smiled for her fair charges, and answered questions addressed to them; compliments paid to youthful beauty were often acknowledged by the matron's curtsies, whilst the modest maiden blushed; and a fair heiress was often wooed and won by proxy.

Before the introduction of Christianity, marriage was a mere civil institution, and a bargain was generally made between the father of the fair and the one who sought her hand. After marriage, however, the wedded pair were on a footing of equality; and husband and wife could separate at will, and be free from the bonds of matrimony, the former being forced to return the bride's dowry. But a wife was seldom willing to resign the liberty she enjoyed in her husband's hall for perpetual servitude in her father's abode.

As to property, the right of a woman was respected as much as that of a man, until the gradual introduction of the feudal system. The insecurity caused by the long warfare of the ninth century drove the free tiller of the soil to seek the protection of the nearest thegn; and he surrendered his lands to receive it back from his lord as a fief, laden with the conditions of military service. A woman, of course, could not do this; and in the time of Alfred, the "lordless man" had become a sort of outlaw in the kingdom. In the course of time the lesser thegns sought the protection of the greater, whilst the greater submitted themselves to the ealdormen; and the Witenagemote, or national council, soon shrank into a gathering of ealdormen, bishops, and officers of the Crown. England was endangered by the feudal system, which abroad was breaking up nations, each into a mass of petty states, ruled by nobles who owned only a nominal allegiance to their king; and a struggle began between feudalism and the central government, which lasted until the Norman Conquest.

After the Conquest we find that if an estate fell to an heiress, her hand was at the king's disposal, and was generally sold by him to the highest bidder; and even the noblest in the land often treated their wives with shameful cruelty. Maud, the only surviving legitimate child of Henry I, was deprived of the succession to the throne because the claim of a woman to rule seemed strange to a feudal baronage; but the days of chivalry were nigh at hand.

Romance had flourished at the Court of Henry the First; and there, the dreams of Arthur took shape in the History of the Britons, by Geoffry of Monmouth. When

Henry II had ascended the throne, there grew, little by little, out of Geoffrey's creation, the poem of the Table Round, with the new character of Lancelot, whose loyalty is overcome by the love of a woman. The story (a part of which Tennyson has so well rendered into English verse as "The Idylls of the King") gives us a picture of the age in which it was written, rather than of the age which it describes. To the court of Henry flocked the brave, the learned, and the gay; poets sang of love and deeds of arms; and gallant knights contended for honour and the favour of the fair.

A knight was deemed unworthy if he violated his pledge; and he was ill-acquainted with its duties if he proved wanting in courtesy. Besides the grace which this threw over the habits of social life, it softened down the natural roughness of war. Knights fought on the battlefield, as they had at the tournament, bearing over their armour scarves and devices as the livery of their mistresses. Each asserted

the paramount beauty of the one he served; and, at times, hostile armies remained motionless, whilst a knight upon each side met in single combat to decide whose lady-love was most worthy of devotion.

The women of the labouring classes were slaves, and the greater part of the population of England could be sold, either with the land, like standing timber, or like the cattle in the market place. But the fair of gentle birth were regarded as frail flowerets, whose beauty it was a privilege to behold; and in many places on the continent the law united in this general homage. "We will," said James II of Aragon, "that every man, whether knight or no, who shall be in company of a lady, pass safe and unmolested, unless he be guilty of murder." "Honour the ladies," commanded Louis II, Duke of Bourbon, "and permit no one to slander them, for from them, after God, comes all the honour that men can acquire."



EACH KNIGHT ASSERTED THE PARAMOUNT BEAUTY OF THE LADY HE SERVED.



BY AUNT JACK.



CREWEL WORK.

Let it not be imagined that I am going to teach, preach, or set myself up as an authority upon any set subject. My task is simply to suggest an idea or two for passing an evening in a profitable way, and in a way that may induce young people to think more of themselves and be thought more of. Ere this, every young lady has joined in the noble struggle with the mysteries of crewel work, and her brothers and other male relations are usually

expected to wear or carry the results of such labour. But crewel work and several kindred lines of occupation have gained such unenviable notoriety, that I feel it will be a boon and a blessing to suggest another form of practical pastime.

Not long ago I was staying in the country and attended a local bazaar. To my astonishment I found the wares offered for sale consisted entirely of leather work, fret work, wood carving and embossed brass. A quiet chat with an elderly lady led to my understanding that all the work shown had been produced by classes of boys and girls in country villages. I took a particular interest in the leather work, and learned that even plough boys could be taught to do something in this way. It was also becoming a very favorite pastime in aristocratic circles. This was sufficient to induce me to start on my own account, and the result was very satisfactory. In a little while I had made myself an attractive blotting case, covered an old chair or two, made a novel purse and a really pretty photo frame. Now I will not trouble you further with my own experiences, but give you such practical information as I can.

The idea is to emboss any pretty pattern you please on a piece of leather, and in such a way that it will remain there practically for ever. Having done this, you can devote the leather to any purpose that suggests itself to your fancy.

The work may be simply described as drawing on wet leather; and, although it may not be exactly novel, it has the merit of being equally suitable as a pastime for girls or boys. Inexpensive, too, are the materials and tools used, a consideration in these days of elaborate processes.

The leather used is strained basil of



French manufacture, and the other materials necessary are, transparent butter paper; a bone style or knitting needle; two steel or brass wheels, one the twelfth of an inch wide and another half that width; two shoemaker's bent awls to match the wheels exactly in width, the points to be ground off square; a screw-driver, ground down so that by using the tip a fine line is made, whilst by using the side, a line to match the broadest wheel is obtained. If the screw-driver is carefully rounded, every gradation of line can be got between the narrow tip and the broad side, according to the angle at which it is held. Two or three flat awls of different widths, rounded like the screw-driver, are very useful for small circles or curves. An ivory paper knife ground at one end to a point, a brass ruler, a piece of smooth marble, one or more punches, a pair of compasses, a piece of waterproof sheeting, and a small sponge.

Before describing the process of work, I will first give a few hints with regard to the selection of the leather used. Basils may be obtained of various thicknesses, the heavier they are the more expensive they will be. Practice alone can teach the exact state in which to use them. For beginners, basil is at its best when it has been exposed to the air for two or three months, as it is then firm and hard; new basil is spongy to work upon. And now to commence.

Trace the design intended for the leather, on butter paper, in pencil. Wet the leather with a sponge from the back, using soft water if possible, and ceasing as soon as the side to be worked on begins to look damp. Place the leather on a piece of marble, dip the paper on which the pattern has been traced in water, and lay it smoothly on the leather, pressing out all air bubbles. By wetting both paper and

leather, they will adhere firmly to each other. Now go over the pencil marks with a style or bone knitting needle, firmly enough to mark the leather, but not hard enough to cut the paper. The leather will be too wet for working the same day, so after the tracing is complete, it should be left to dry for a few hours and then wrapped in waterproof sheeting for the remainder of the time. Next day the pattern should be carefully looked over, and any lines that are not clear gone over again with a style. Now, put all the broad lines in with the broad wheel, holding it so that it works

quite evenly and flatly for straight lines, and though in turning curves one edge will mark more sharply than others, this may be avoided partly by holding the handle nearly upright over the wheel. After going over the broad lines once, do the same with the narrow lines with the narrow wheel, and then go over any part of the design too small for the use of a wheel with a straight awl or screw-driver. Work the whole pattern in carefully, and correct any errors. This may be done by dropping a little water on the surface of the leather and gently smoothing with an ivory paper knife, putting in a correct line.

In the next process, all lines must be deepened without being widened, a rather difficult operation for an inexperienced worker. No line must be left until worked up to its highest point of relief; experience alone can teach how often each line requires going over, as so much depends upon the pressure used. All parts that cannot be perfectly finished by the use of the wheel, such as corners and angles, should be worked with a bent awl, ground square at the tip, the same width as the wheel used. For straight lines use a brass ruler.

The ground now remains to be punched. This requires practice; and it is advisable



EMBOSSED LEATHER CASE.

to use waste pieces of leather for the purpose. The punch must be held upright, and struck with a very light mallet, and with exactly the same force each time, holding the punch very firmly and evenly, or it will jump with the blow and the impression become blurred. Before you commence punching the article to be worked, test the state of the leather, as it should now be soft and nearly dry; if too dry, damp with a wet sponge across the back of the leather, taking care that the surface is not wet.

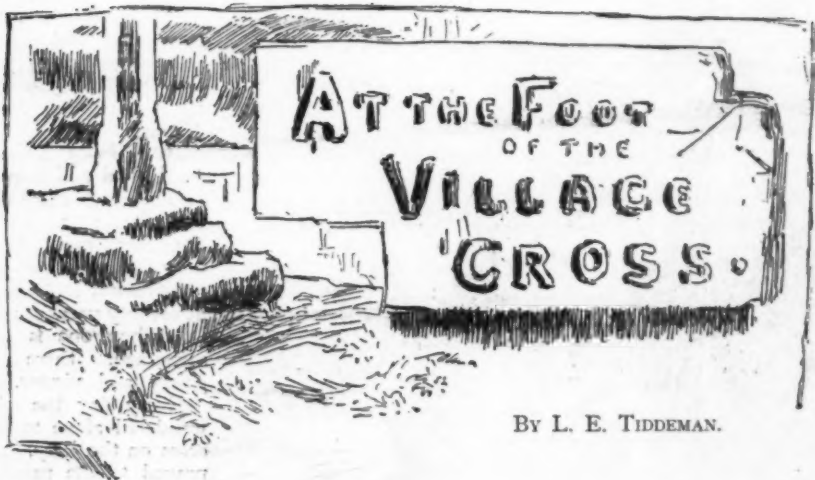
If it be necessary to put the work away for any length of time, the leather should be dried, damping and wrapping it in a waterproof sheet the day before using again. When the work is finished and quite dry, the leather should be brightened by being well brushed with a clean clothes brush.

Such are the instructions for work as simply as I can put them. The results that may be achieved are astonishing. At a recent exhibition, I remember seeing a beautiful chair-back worked in this way by the Princess of Wales, and also some blotting cases by her daughters. The illustration given is of a pocket-case my husband has carried for some time, and which was worked off very quickly. Books may be bound in leather thus embossed. Zaehysdorf, the great book-binder, has some beautiful examples in his show room.

I hope on some future occasion to explain other interesting home pastimes that may help to while away long winter evenings, and which gives one a greater zest for the final half hour's study of our favourite poets.



HALF HOURS WITH THE POETS.



By L. E. TIDDEMAN.



WAS evening; all the boats were out on the calm, blue sea, and Angélique, the fisherman's only daughter, knelt at the foot of the

great cross on the jetty. The Calvaire, with its Christ-face that looked down upon her, was highly coloured, and far from beautiful; but she was very young and ignorant, and to her this rough image appeared little short of perfection. When she was happy, it seemed to smile upon her, adding to her simple joy; when she was sad it spoke to her of comfort, and of pity. She looked fair enough herself, poor child, as she knelt there with her face upraised, and her little brown hands clasped in prayer. When *Monsieur Pierre* passed by he paused to make a sketch of her, for in Paris where his home was, it was hard to find a face as fresh and innocent as hers.

But all at once little Angélique saw him, and the simple petitions she had been offering to Christ and the Holy Virgin were forgotten in a moment. Her fingers, busy an instant before, with the beads of her rosary, stole to the chain about her throat, from which hung a dainty, golden token.

Had he not given it to her? was not this handsome gentleman, who had made her humble life as beautiful as a fairy dream, her very own, her lover?



HE TOOK HER HANDS IN HIS.



EVERY DAY THE GIRL PRAYED THAT HER LOVER MIGHT RETURN.

"Go back to your prayers, my child," he said, as she rose to greet him, "and let them be all for me, for I shall need them sorely when I am in wicked Paris, far from my little Angélique."

"Ah, yes; you go away, but that will be only for a little while, you will soon come back and fetch me, Monsieur Pierre, will you not?" pleaded the girl.

He took her hands in his.

"Yes, yes," he answered smiling. "Have I not said so?"

So she knelt down once more, and prayed for her lover, and there was no sorrow in her eyes, only infinite joy and gratitude.

The sweet summer months slipped by, and dreary autumn came, the flowers withered, and the roses in Angélique's cheeks faded also. But when they questioned her she did but smile and shake her head.

"No, no, I am not ill," she would say gently, "only a little tired, and that is not at all surprising; you are often tired yourself, is it not so, Mère Jérôme?"

And Mère Jérôme would nod and answer yes, seeing that she waited for a reply. Yet the cases were very different, for one must needs feel weary at seventy years of age, but when one is but seventeen, there is gaiety and vigour.

Every day the girl wandered alone to the cross on the jetty, and prayed to the painted image that *Monsieur Pierre* might soon return; but still he tarried.

The cold winter winds began to blow, the snow lay thick and soft, and she could not see the face of the Christ, for the salt tears blinded her. *Monsieur le Curé*, who had known her from a child, spoke to her often of the good God who loved her. He was

old, and his eyes were dim, yet he could not but see that she had changed greatly, and though he was dull of hearing, it was not that alone that made her young voice sound so sad and strained. Yet she was devout, the poor little one, who more so? And the children of the village loved her.

At last the New Year came, and the villagers were full of expectation for Mère Jérôme, who knew everything, had great news to tell. They set their work aside, and gathered round about her; but she held her peace at first, and made believe that she was not going to satisfy their curiosity. But they were as cunning as she was, and pretended that they did not care to hear; then she told them all she knew, and a little more beside.

"*Monsieur Pierre* is coming with his bride," said she in her thin, quavering voice. "Ah, but it will be a brave sight."

"That cannot be, good mother," cried the little Angélique; "he is not married, not he! I know better than that." And she laughed aloud, though there was a sharp pain at her heart, but the gossips shook their heads and sighed. There was much they would have said, but they were sorry for the little one, so they held their peace. And perhaps Mère Jérôme was wrong after all. It would seem so indeed, for it was long ere Monsieur Pierre came. The spring arrived first, the skies were blue

once more, and the air was sweet with the scent of violets. But Angélique did not heed them, it was the snowdrops that she gathered, for he had likened her to one of them, because she was so fair and pure. Yet in those days there had been colour in her cheeks, while now there was none, and her head drooped as did that of the delicate flower she wore at her breast. But still she denied that aught ailed her, though her step grew slow and languid, and her gentle eyes shone clear and bright. What could a doctor do in such a case? Alas! nothing. *Monsieur le Médecin* was as powerless as *Monsieur le Curé*, and yet both were old and wise, and both had love in their hearts, and were very pitiful.

It was not until Mère Jérôme had fresh news to tell that the colour returned to her face; then it was not as it had been before, but burned with a feverish crimson, while her fingers played nervously with the love token. Yet she showed it to none, but wore it for his sake, as he had bidden her, and kept it secret, as he had also bidden her.

"He comes to-day," cried one gossip,

"that dear *Monsieur Pierre*, who was always so amiable."

"Ah! my faith! and how handsome," exclaimed another.

"It will be for us to bid him welcome," cried a third, and they hurried away; for it was not a fête day, and they had their work to do. When the vesper bell had ceased ringing, Angélique made her way to the Calvaire, and stood on the stone steps watching. The time seemed long, for she could not talk and laugh as the others did,

but, the longest vigil must have an ending, and at last a handsome carriage appeared, and the villagers shouted, "Long life to *Monsieur Pierre* and his beautiful bride!" Beautiful! Ah! but that was not the word for it; when had they ever seen one so fair and queenlike? She sat at his side, a proud smile upon her lips, and ever and anon bent her stately head to return their noisy greetings, as a sovereign would receive the homage of her subjects. But in her eyes there lurked no gentleness; when the fringed lids were raised her glance fell upon the eager sunburnt faces as though they formed part of some fine scene at the



"MONSIEUR PIERRE IS COMING WITH HIS BRIDE."

theatre, then shifted again discontentedly as if there was something missing, the grand music, may be, or perchance the brilliant gaslight, or the scent of delicate perfume. As for *Monsieur Pierre*, was he not at his best and bravest, and did not his merry laugh ring out just as it had done in bygone days? Ah! what a fine gentleman he was, to be sure, and so generous withal, scattering his money right and left. Even Jacques, the cripple, usually so triste



and discontented, had a good word for him, and Nicholas, who was well-nigh used to his blindness, longed for eyes to see, that he might pick up one of the silver pieces that *Monsieur Pierre* threw. It was hard to stand aside while the others rushed eagerly forward, but when the good God sees fit to afflict us, what would you have?

Nicholas did not grudge the bridegroom his triumph, though he would fain have been young and handsome himself. And what a triumph it was to be sure, a thousand pities if anything should happen to mar it. But that would be impossible, for the sun shone and the breezes blew softly, as if in honour of the happy pair, while *Monsieur le Curé*, good man, being tender of heart, cried fervently, "God bless them!" while the villagers took up the cry, passing it from mouth to mouth until the whole air seemed full of it. It was then that Angélique, waking suddenly as from a dream, stepped down, and pressing her way through the crowd, stood close to the carriage door. At first, although her lips were seen to move, they could not hear her speak, but when a silence fell upon the bystanders, she cried, with a sob in her voice,

"Is it then true, *Monsieur Pierre*; are you really married?"

He did not look into her eyes, though they sought his, but he answered gaily—

"Why, yes, my child; I knew thou would'st come to wish me joy." And he laughed as he laid a gold piece in her

outstretched hand. She did not even glance at it, but let it lie there glittering.

"Time presses," cried *Monsieur Pierre*, "drive on."

The villagers shouted again, and what did it signify to Monsieur's coachman that the horses trampled on the prostrate form of a girl.

He had but obeyed orders, and it was Angélique alone who was to blame, for had she not thrown herself under their cruel hoofs when none could hinder her? As for *Monsieur Pierre*, what did he care for broken hearts, he who did not know what love meant. It was an unfortunate accident, that was all; and life is full of accidents, though to be sure this one was most inopportune, for all should go smoothly on a wedding day.

"So sad for Monsieur and his bride," cried the good people with compassion, but those who knew Angélique best were silent as they gazed down upon her. She was so young to die, and it was all so pitiful.

"Ah! how we loved her," cried *Mère Jérôme*, "she was so gentle."

"And so devout," whispered *Monsieur le Curé*. "Heaven bless her!"

Then strong arms lifted the lifeless form of the fishermaid, and laid her at the foot of the cross where she had so often worshipped, and the eyes of the Christ she had loved looked down for the last time upon the little face that had once been so bright and beautiful.



EVERY DAY THE GIRL WANDERED ALONE

# A Life's History

BY PHILIP MAY.

## CHAPTER III.

### A RETROSPECT.



#### PHILIP

THOMPSON in his arm-chair by the fire, longed for that lasting sleep which would unite him to the dear companion of his happy by-gone hours. He had overcome that unreasonable love of life which men so often retain, even when the light and glory of their

days have faded away into the darkness of night; and he was looking forward hopefully unto the dawn upon which no sun shall ever set.

From the future, his brain, excited by the terrible events of that distressful day, carried him back to the past; and, from amongst the bundles of papers which had been brought from Gloucester Grove, he took up an old, ragged file of the *Weekly Recorder*, an enterprising, illustrated journal which sprang into existence about a quarter of a century ago. The editor was the father of the "new journalism," and the paper gave all the news of the week in so entertaining a manner, that the proprietor, an enterprising citizen of the United States, would certainly have made a fortune, if only his capital had been large enough to enable him to wait for his profits until he

had taught the public to accept facts agreeably spiced with humour and fiction, instead of the uninteresting reports and ponderous articles supplied by his rivals. However, circumstances, chiefly financial, doomed the *Recorder* to an early death; and in its only number that bears the date of the 18th September, it gives the following account of

#### *The Bucklersbury Mystery.*

Mr. Thompson, the successful Bucklersbury auctioneer, was found dead in his own private office a little after eleven on the night of the seventeenth of August. All the facts seemed to prove that murder had been committed; and Philip Thompson, the eldest son of the deceased, who is a poet by profession, was found upon the premises and arrested by the police. Up to the present time the police have failed to clear up the mystery; but we give the following account of what happened, depending upon the evidence given at the inquest, and also to some extent upon Philip Thompson's own statement.

The murdered man had two sons, Philip and William; and he intended the former to inherit his fortune of £100,000, and the business at which he had accumulated it, whilst William was placed at the Honourable East India Company's military school at Addiscombe, and duly became a cadet. Philip Thompson, however, preferred poetry to business; and no sooner had William obtained his commission than his father offered to give him the position and prospects of his elder brother. To this proposal the generous young man objected; but an arrangement was made by which William gave up his profession, in consideration of ten thousand pounds, which was to be paid in case Philip changed his mind; so, speaking in metaphor, the door was left open for the prodigal's return. The poet, however,

was not banished from the Romford manor house, which the successful man of business had purchased; but he ceased to go to business, and was allowed to spend his time as he liked.

One day there was a quarrel between the deceased and his eldest son; and the latter left the house just before the arrival of a woman who gave the name of Mrs. Philip Thompson. The visitor had a black eye, which her thick veil did not altogether conceal from the keen eyes of the auctioneer's man-servant; and at the inquest he described the mysterious female as a buxom young woman with black hair. He said that he remembered being in the hall when the library door was opened, and that he heard the parting words: "Have nothing to do with that villain, Mary Smith."

We have no means of ascertaining whether the woman overtook Philip Thompson, nor have we any legal proof that she ever had any communication with him; but it is certainly strange that Philip Thompson never returned to the manor house.

Over two years passed, the auctioneer had a stroke of apoplexy, and on returning to business on the seventeenth of August, he wrote to his solicitor, making an appointment for the next morning, when he proposed to alter his will in favour of William. The auctioneer, however, decided to have an interview with Philip before entirely disinheriting his eldest son; and as he was going out to dine that evening with the Fishmongers' Company, he sent William to tell Philip to be at the offices in Bucklersbury at ten o'clock.

Earlier than was expected the auctioneer returned from the dinner, and he entered the offices accompanied by a buxom young woman with black hair. William, who had been waiting for his father, was dismissed, and he returned to Romford, and was admitted by the man-servant at about eleven o'clock. The auctioneer and the buxom young woman remained for a little while in the private office; and Samuel Soper, the door-keeper, who had been told to stop, sat at his high desk until he was summoned to the inner room. There he

was told to witness the signature of the deceased to a paper; and he saw the deceased sign, and he wrote his name in a flowing hand, when the buxom young woman with the black hair had written Mary Smith after the word witness under the auctioneer's signature. Samuel Soper was then told that he might go, and at half-past ten he was seen at the "Bower of Bliss," where beer and music are offered by the proprietor for the delectation of the public.

What became of the buxom young woman? The police have not taken the trouble to ascertain.

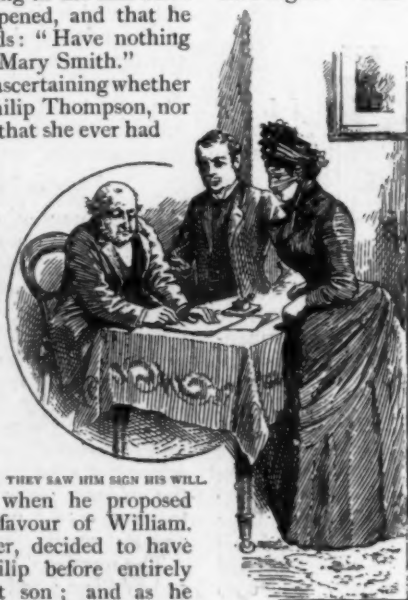
What made the auctioneer alter his will that night? Was it some premonition of

the coming end? We think not. Mary Smith, alias Mrs. Philip Thompson, called at the Romford manor house, and her husband never returned there; she met the auctioneer in the street, and Philip Thompson is immediately disinherited. The sequence of events is natural enough. But where is Mary Smith?

Now let us seriously consider the statement which Philip Thompson made at the inquest. According to him, he was told to be at the offices at eleven and not at ten; and as the clocks of the

City churches were striking the hour he entered Bucklersbury. He found the outer door unlocked, and he entered. In the front office the gas was burning; but the auctioneer's private room had no light save that of the moon. This, however, only made the sight, which Philip Thompson says he beheld, the more ghastly; for his father's stiffened form lay upon the floor; and the dead man's arms were stretched out, his mouth was drawn to one side, and the rest of his face was also contorted.

Philip Thompson says that, in his sudden alarm, he stumbled and fell, cutting his hands against the fender; and that



THEY SAW HIM SIGN HIS WILL.

when he was hastening away to seek assistance, a policeman arrested him.

Had he been there an hour, seeking for the will by which the fortune of £100,000 passes to his brother, is the question to which all would like an answer. Did the buxom young woman with black hair regret the serious result of her interview with the auctioneer? Did she see her husband or lover? Is she now living or dead? To solve the mystery, the woman must be found.

In her absence an open verdict was right and proper, especially as the doctors were unable to swear positively that the auctioneer's death had been accelerated by violence. What the police have to do next is to find the missing woman.

THE WEEKLY RECORDER. 2nd OCT.

*An Interview with the Bucklersbury Prisoner.*

*The Landlady and the Housemaid  
say a few words.*

*And a Recorder Young Man evolves a  
Romance from the Prisoner's  
Latest Poem.*

Philip Thompson, after leaving his father's house, went to a boarding-house near the British Museum; and having some money left out of the handsome allowance which his father had made him, he at once arranged for the publication of his poem, "A Human Comedy." The publication of his poetry, by the eminent firm of Pater-noster and Co., proved a financial failure; but the critics spoke well of his poem, and a young lady, who had read "A Human Comedy," wrote to him to express her admiration, and thinking that poets were always in want of money, she enclosed five Bank of England notes.

"Should you refuse to honour me by accepting my gift, do with it what you will," she wrote. "I am just twenty-one, and I have more money than I can spend; so please be good enough to do me the favour which I ask of you. I cannot give you my address, or you might write to blame me for daring to presume upon the introduction to yourself, which your books have given me; but I always see the *Times*, and I should be very happy indeed, if you would only inform me, through the first page of that paper, that I may give you more substantial help." Philip Thompson was surprised and annoyed at being thus made the recipient of the alms of a young

and romantic girl; and he forwarded the money to the secretary of the London Fever Hospital, which was then badly in want of funds, and requested that gentleman to acknowledge the donation in the first column of the *Times*, as the gift of a lady, remitted through the hands of Philip Thompson. This was done; and Lily Montgomery, who had sent the money, saw the advertisement in the paper.

Philip Thompson had almost forgotten this incident, and was engaged upon another poem, when two sisters came to the boarding-house where he was living. Lily Montgomery, the younger, was a beautiful, fair girl, with light blue eyes, and hair of a golden brown. Her voice was soft and musical; a smile generally hovered over her happy face; and when she stole a sly glance at the poet, the expression of her eyes was charming.

The young author's thoughts, however, were generally with the characters to whom he was giving life in prose or verse; and at first he only noticed that Lily was a pretty girl, and that her elder sister gave way to her in everything.

Miss Montgomery was five years older than Lily, and she had taken charge of her sister since their father's death. Mr. Montgomery had been a music publisher, and he had retired from business with a fortune of eighty thousand pounds. During the last years of his life, he had lived economically at 9, Gloucester Grove, Brompton; and by his will he had left his property to trustees, in trust to pay one half the income to each of his daughters, and after the death of one of them to pay the whole



SAMUEL SOFER AT THE "BOWER OF BLISS."



income to the survivor, and after the death of both his children to divide the estate amongst the grand-children.

The two sisters had stayed on at Gloucester Grove after their father's death; and there Lily had read the young poet's works, and had given her love as tribute to his genius. She did not deem herself worthy of his affection, and she did not expect any return for the outpouring of her young heart; but she was rich in gold, and he in worth, and she thought she might venture to pay him for the wisdom which he had offered to her and all mankind.

Mary was not told of Lily's intention to send the notes to the young author; but when they had been sent, received and refused, Lily went in tears to her sister, and having told what she had done, begged for advice, forgiveness and consolation.

"It is a great pity that you should fall in love with a man whom you have never seen," Mary said. "Suppose he should be already married; what should we do then, Lily?"

"But he cannot be married, Mary," Lily answered. "Does he not even complain, because he, the poet, is deprived of human love, which he values as the most precious gem to be found on earth?"

Mary Montgomery, who had not studied the young poet's works with as much care as her sister had bestowed upon them, could not answer this question; and the young, romantic girl begged Mary to take her to the boarding house where Philip Thompson was living. The elder sister did not at once agree to grant Lily's request; but when the latter playfully threatened to go alone, if she could find no one willing to accompany her, Mary Montgomery consented to let the spoiled child have her way.

Philip Thompson did not pay much attention to Lily at first; but the love-sick maiden was soon able to cast a spell over him, and he then pictured her as the heroine of a romance which he was writing in verse. To him she was only a charming piece of sculpture, to which his art gave life and movement; and he never thought that she, whose charms he was describing, could be playing a part in love's drama; but when he had made some progress with his poem, he became interested in the pretty maiden, who, in form, resembled her upon whom he was lavishing his unrequited love.

Lily did not try to conceal from Philip that she was fond of poetry in general, and

of his poems in particular. This was a compliment which would have pleased any poet, coming from one so fair; and when he found that his favourite poems were those which she admired the most, he deemed her as clever as she was beautiful.

The young poet then began to talk to her of his hopes and aspirations; and he noticed that the little maiden, who looked up to him with respect and reverence, was as beautiful as any flower in garden or meadow, when the queen of May is on her throne, and all the country lanes are decked with bloom.

When the poet was accused of patricide, she went to him in his affliction; and now that he has been released, he is about to surrender his freedom to her at the altar of Hymen. Miss Montgomery, the elder sister, is also about to become a bride; and as Mr. William Thompson, whose acquaintance she made at the inquest, is the one whom she is to take for better or worse, she will be endowed, verbally at least, with all the earthly goods of the proud possessor of the Bucklersbury fortune of £100,000.

THE WEEKLY RECORDER. 9TH OCT.

#### *The Bucklersbury Mystery.*

*An Interview with an Important Witness.*

*Startling facts will shortly be disclosed.*

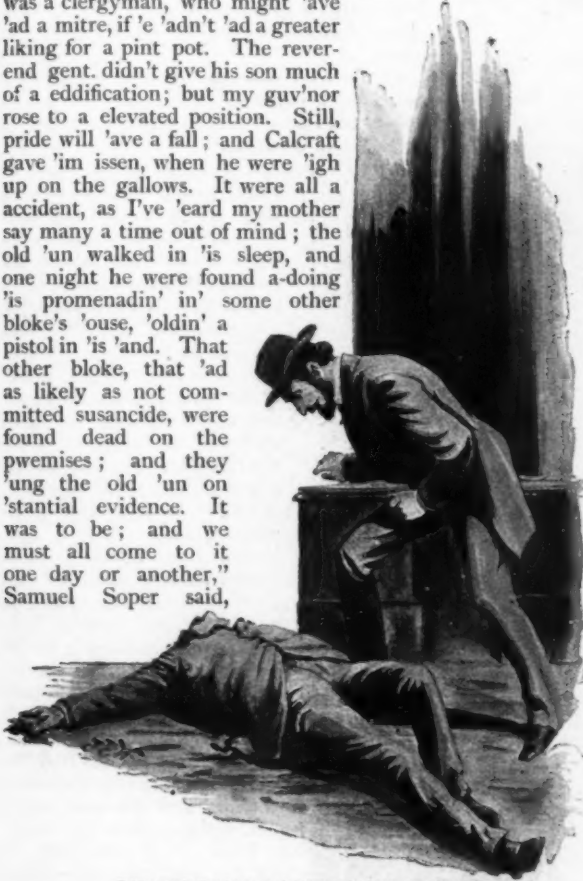
A Recorder young man paid a visit last night to the "Bower of Bliss," and he was amply rewarded for his pains, as the master of the ceremonies kindly introduced our representative to Samuel Soper, the Bucklersbury witness. The little man, who stands about five feet nothing in his high-heeled boots, wore a light tweed suit and a gray deerstalker hat; he is not a teetotaler, and he sang with vigour, "I likes a drop o' good beer, I does;" and his face beamed with delight when the Recorder young man told him that he deserved a larger audience. Certainly, as an amateur, Mr. Samuel Soper is without a rival in his own line; and should he be induced to join the profession, he would prove a great draw as the marvellous musical midget.

Samuel Soper (pronounced Sower) is a man with a history; and he told it to our representative in confidence over a bottle or two of Bass. This confidence is not abused for any private ends of our own; but the Recorder man slyly took down his shorthand notes, holding his book on his knees; and we reproduce it for the public benefit, as a witness in the Bucklersbury case is of



course a public man. The marvellous musical midget was loquacious and at times slightly incoherent; but nevertheless, we reproduce, *verbatim et literatim*, the following interesting statement which he made.

"I belong to a good and ancient family; for the So'ers are connected, through Adam, with at least 'alf the nobs. My grandfather was a clergyman, who might 'ave 'ad a mitre, if 'e 'adn't 'ad a greater liking for a pint pot. The reverend gent. didn't give his son much of a eddification; but my guv'nor rose to a elevated position. Still, pride will 'ave a fall; and Calcraft gave 'im issen, when he were 'igh up on the gallows. It were all a accident, as I've 'eard my mother say many a time out of mind; the old 'un walked in 'is sleep, and one night he were found a-doing 'is promenadin' in' some other bloke's 'ouse, 'oldin' a pistol in 'is 'and. That other bloke, that 'ad as likely as not committed susancide, were found dead on the pwemises; and they 'ung the old 'un on 'stantial evidence. It was to be; and we must all come to it one day or another," Samuel Soper said,



THE SIGHT WHICH PHILIP THOMPSON SAYS HE BEHELD.

shaking his head from side to side, and smoking solemnly.

"If you find it dry you can call for a couple of pints to wash it down," he continued. "For my part, when I think of it, my 'eart waters, and my throat ain't noways comfortable. But there's a providence in these things; for if it were not for 'angings, the wested interests of the 'angman couldn't be up 'eld; and there's nothin' like liquor to-away with melancholy."

Our representative took the hint; and the little man had another pint of beer.

"After my guv'nor 'ad taken his little drop, which weren't as good as this, I came on the stage as suddenly as Arlequin in the pantomime. I was as naked as truth; but what can you expect, if you comes into the world where the rich 'as a monopoly of everything, from lace baby-clothing to oak coffins?"

"My guv'nor's defence took away all his brass; but a 'pothecary caught my mother in his arms, when she fainted in court; and he married her a few weeks after the author of my existence 'ad made his last bow at Newgate. He interduced me to sussiety, and we lived 'appily together until my mother got a shrimp's 'ead into her throat at Margate, that throttled 'er. The wicious-minded said she was drunk at the time; but it were only peppermint that she took for the spasms. That shrimp's 'ead left me a orphan, and I 'elped in the shop, a-carryin' bottles 'ome, until I was fifteen, when the 'pothecary followed his spouse to her terrestrial wesidence. Then my uncle took me up and I did odd jobs for 'im; but men differs from donkeys in dyin'; and the parish of which he was an ornament lost 'im; and the clothes and things 'e left be'ind 'im only jist paid for a third-class funeral."

Samuel Soper sighed, and wiped away an imaginary tear in the humorous man-

ner in which we have all seen it done at the Britannia Theatre.

Subsequently, over another bottle, Samuel Soper gave our representative a clue to the Bucklersbury mystery. He knows more than he pretended to know at the inquest; but he has not, to use his own expression, "given everything away." He says he clings to his knowledge, "like some partners will to a bottled ace of trumps." However, we have the clue at last; and

now, in a few days, we shall be able to tell our readers some startling facts.

The file of the *Recorder* ended here, and upon a slip of paper, attached to the number from which we have last quoted, were the words "No more published."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

PHILIP THOMPSON went to the library of the British Museum every day; and there he spent his time in writing a novel. He made great use of his own experience; and the analysis of his hero's character was true to nature, because he described feelings, which, in the past, had been his own. There was a pure tale of simple love running through the book; and this, too, was true and unexaggerated, as it was a faithful description of the outpouring of his own love for her who had been his dear companion during the happiest days of his life.

Schopenhauer and other pessimists had no influence over his pen; and he neither described the world as the worst possible, nor did he take his readers to behold an abyss of infamy. He wrote as if happiness always fell to the lot of the good, and misery to that of those whose lives are evil; and though this is not invariably the case, there are few who, even in this world, escape punishment for their evil deeds.

In the evening he returned to Lily, and he devoted the rest of the day to her education. He did not employ any tedious process to grind the germs of knowledge into atoms, small enough to pass into a weak woman's mind: on the contrary, he made the lessons interesting, and induced Lily to think for herself; and, when she had taken this preparatory step, he conversed with her on serious subjects, and thus drew forth, from her mind, signs of every latent virtue and perfection.

As, to read, it was necessary to know the letters of the alphabet: so, he told her, to become charitable, it was necessary to have such a knowledge of human misery as would enable her to distinguish one form of it from another. Charity, moreover, he said, was partly a habit, which could only be acquired by giving; and he entrusted to her charge a considerable part of their little store, that she might bestow it upon the poor.

Books were also employed to mould her mind and manners; and often he asked her to read aloud scenes from famous plays, novels, and histories.

Lily's education was superior to that of other girls; because, whilst they are generally expected to adapt their talents to their studies, her father did his best to adjust her studies to her genius. He found that she was fond of poetry and the drama; and he taught her to write simple verses in imitation of those which she admired, and to give in prose the plots of those old English dramas which afforded her most pleasure.

Lily was a bright little maiden, with hair of a light brown hue, which seemed almost golden when the sun shone upon it. Her eyebrows and eyelashes were a little darker than her hair; whilst her eyes were blue, and as brilliant as those of any pretty peasant girl in Erin's isle. Her lips were delicately shapen; her cheeks had the roundness and smoothness of youth; and she was slight, tall, and graceful.

Dick Thompson went to see her and his uncle, before he returned to Oxford; but the author was in the library of the British Museum, and Dick found Lily alone. They had not

met since her mother's death; and she gave him both her hands, and received him in great glee. He had often been her companion, when they were both children; and even her uncle had never objected to this intimacy. In the happy past she had often thought it a pity that Dick was not her



WHERE IS MARY SMITH?

brother, because he would then have spent all his holidays in Gloucester Grove; but now her uncle had taken possession of the home which had been her mother's, and she and her father had been forced to seek shelter elsewhere.

"All the old servants have been discharged," the young man said, in answer to one of her questions.

"I knew uncle had sent Thomas away; but I did not know about the others," she continued.

"Father would not allow even your pets to stay. I begged him to let me keep them; but he only said that he did not want me to be a boy all my life."

"What became of them?" Lily asked.

"He threatened to turn them into the road, so I sent the rabbits to the poor lame boy, who used to depend chiefly upon what you and your mother gave him. He is trying to sell all except the three black Russians; and he says he will not part with those, because they were your favourites."

"And what became of Bruin," she asked.

"At present, the lame boy looks after him; but I shall take him to Oxford with me, when I go," he answered.

"How kind you are, Dick," she said.

"I brought him with me to-day, thinking you might like to see that he is well cared for," Dick continued; "I left him in the hall—"

Lily did not wait for him to finish speaking; she ran to the door, and was soon on the stairs, calling Bruin; but she had only reached the first landing when the huge Newfoundland dog came rushing up, eager to greet his kind mistress.

"Bruin! Bruin!" she cried, "you must lie down." The dog's love, however, was far stronger than his power of self-control; and he did not at once obey Lily's order.

"You were always very good, Dick," she said, when they had reached the little sitting-room.

"I love you, Lily," he said, taking one of her hands in each of his, and looking at her eyes, as if he longed to read her thoughts.

"You have always been more like a brother than a cousin to me," she replied.

"It is not that, Lily," he said, kissing her, "but you will know one of these days."

She understood the meaning of his words, and to hide her embarrassment, she said: "We are cousins."

"Yes," he repeated sadly, "we are cousins."



SAMUEL SOPER TELLS HIS STORY.

Then he kissed her again, and said good-bye: but he did not go away as light-hearted as he came.

Lily was very thoughtful that afternoon; and though she quite made up her mind that she could never love Dick except as a cousin, he would have been pleased had he been able to read the thoughts that were passing in the little maiden's mind. She argued with herself that because her father was entirely dependent upon her for love, she was bound to keep all her heart for him, and she came to the conclusion that, as one little tiny corner of it had, quite against her will, been given away to someone else, it was her bounden duty to show her father that she loved him all the more.

When he returned from the British Museum, she caressed him. Then she told him that she had seen Dick and Bruin, but though she spoke with more enthusiasm about Bruin's visit than about her cousin's, there were tell-tale blushes on her cheeks, and the poet guessed that the little maiden had been in the dreamland of love.

Philip Thompson looked grave for a little while, and then he said, "May is the time to deck the altar of Hymen, and they who offer hands and hearts in sacrifice before that time do often wish they had their hands again, that they might pluck the hearts they gave back from the shrine; whilst

"Oh! I shall be an old maid then," she replied.

"Love," said her father, "should, like the birds, be hatched in the spring, for if it be not strong when the autumn comes, it will die."

"Please do not tease me any more, papa," she pleaded.

"Will you not let me read to you what I say about marriage in my note-book?" he asked.

She clapped her hands instead of answering, and he began to read.

"Marriage is the purgatory of lovers, through which they must pass to the bliss, or misery, of wedded life. It may be pleasant, crossing the first stepping stones that lead unto the lovers' paradise, but as the couples step, and step again, they find the pilgrimage monotonous. Still, on, and on, and on, they plod their weary way, holding each other's hands, lest one should slip; or, cross and angry, each the other blames. Then they, who with clasped hands do travel on, are soon rewarded with a glorious view; but they who walk alone are sure to fall, and, slipping down into the stream of life, be drifted hither, thither, each, singly, to the place whence each did come, but with a heart from which true love is banished for ever and for evermore."



"I LOVE YOU, LILY," HE SAID, TAKING ONE OF HER HANDS IN EACH OF HIS.

those who wait until the summer comes and wanes, have but themselves to thank for all their woes."

"Oh, papa," she answered, "I am quite contented with your love."

"But when I die, what then, little one?" he asked.

"Do not talk to me of marriage, papa," Lily said, when her father had ceased reading, and was looking at her archly. "Please do not. I am only a child, and I do not wish to marry. Dick shall be a dear brother to me, but nothing more. I shall stay with you, and obey you, all my life



long, and you should not doubt me, for you know that I promised my mother, when she was passing away from us, that I would do what I could to make you happy."

"Your mother did not mean that you were never to marry, Lily," Philip Thompson answered in a sad and faltering tone.

Lily wept; and when she looked up she saw that her father's eyes were filled with tears. The little maiden was an autocrat of the fireside; and she would not allow anyone but herself, to lament the irrevocable past, which had carried away so many happy possibilities.

But we cannot bury such a sorrow, as we can a dead friend or foe. Whilst it is young, it abides in our hearts; and, even when it grows old and infirm, it still remains to reconcile us to death, which will enable us to meet the dear departed.

Philip Thompson was sad and sore at heart, but Lily kissed him, and wiped away her own tears that she might comfort him. She had loved her mother dearly, but now she thought more of the living than of the dead, judging, truly, that those who have gone before us wish not that we should mourn for them, but would more gladly look down upon us doing good work upon earth, caring for those they cherished, and helping the afflicted. The little maiden, who was playing her part so nobly, had learned this from a divinely implanted instinct in the heart, which we may all safely follow. The time may come when knowledge of what the wicked call the world may drive this consciousness of good

and evil into a lasting banishment, but if the young, and all the pure of heart, will only follow the promptings of their own better selves, they will not err.

"Lily," her father said, "I have given you all my heart and all the affection that time has left me. But we have both to play our parts in the drama of life, and the merry maiden and the old man have different tasks to accomplish. We should all of us do some useful work, and it is my duty to plead in my novels the cause of the poor. My book may be good, and I hope it will; for I know of no other labour by which I can assist my weaker and poorer brethren."

"As for you, Lily, pet," he continued, "there is another, and, I trust, a brighter future before you. It is well that you should love; for the more you understand the value of human love, the more you will pity those who are utterly bereft of friends, and who have no one to whisper words of hope to them when they are wearied and distressed."

The poet's tongue was loosened, and he talked on for a long time; and Lily, listening to his words, thought of Dick, and wondered whether he would help her father and her father's cause. She was a weak little maiden, as simple and as candid as a child; and she felt powerless to assist him. But if her love were able to teach her how to help the mass of humanity, struggling to obtain the necessities of life, she would learn her lesson, for love had sprung up in her heart, and had prospered exceedingly.

(To be continued).



PHILIP DEVOTED THE REST OF THE DAY  
TO HER EDUCATION



# THE CRICKET OF THE- FUTURE

W.G. GRACE



is more cricket played to-day than has ever been played since the game began, and the number of good players is increasing yearly. England, Australia, and America keep

sending out fresh recruits, and soon India and the Cape will attract notice with representative elevens. Everything points to a forward movement, and when the champions and veterans of to-day lay down bat and ball, their hearts will be gladdened by the sight of younger players worthily maintaining the prowess they themselves displayed in days gone by.

County cricket, now the backbone of the game, will pursue the even tenor of its way, and will create greater interest and excitement than ever. The cry from this and the other county, that there is a dearth of local talent, is nothing new. Nearly every county has uttered it at some time or other; but in the history of all of them, the first glimpse of sunshine broke through the clouds just when they seemed darkest. Surrey is at the top of the tree to-day, but it

had many years of uphill work to go through, and there is hardly a first-class county which has not had the same experience. In '76 and '77 Gloucestershire was at the head of the first-class counties; in '86 and '87 it was at the bottom, but it is now coming up again, and it would be rash to prophecy that in '96 it will not again be at the top. It is the same with the minor counties. Derbyshire, Warwickshire, and Somersetshire have all had their ups and downs, but it is difficult to say which will have pride of place three or four years hence. The County Cricket Council, in my opinion, is almost sure to come to life again, and despite all the mud that has been thrown at it, will do useful work. There are minor points to be settled for the good of county cricket, which the Council alone can do thoroughly and satisfactorily.

The birth and residential qualifications demand consideration, but we can hardly find fault with those counties who, being richer than their neighbours, keep a sharp look out for promising talent, and spend their money freely to obtain it. Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, have a larger field to draw from, in the matter of local talent, than the counties of the south, and for the most part are in as good financial positions to cultivate it. I readily grant that it is not pleasing to find out, when too late, that a future Briggs, Sharpe, or Lohmann has been allowed to leave the county of his birth, and become a thorn in its side in after years. But it is a mistake which is often made. A law might again be passed giving each county the right of

first claim upon the services of every player born in the county, the claim to be made at the beginning of each season; but this would seem a poor incentive for counties to spend thought and money in developing the talent of players who otherwise might never have become first class.

Another important point to be considered is the appearance of consistent slow scorers, whose chief desire is to stand well in the averages, and the effect this may have on the welfare of the game. It is not too much to say that if it extend much further the game will lose some of its interest for the spectator. Playing a defensive game to save a match is a widely different thing to merely keeping up one's wicket in the hope of being not out, and thus showing up well in the averages at the end of the season. In the former case the game benefits, in the latter the individual only. The public will not go to watch men blocking and playing with their legs all day long, causing matches to be drawn that might have been won by a little more spirited play. The sooner county committees realize this, and act on it, the better for their own interests and those of the game: the old enthusiasm for a spirited and dashing innings is still as strong in the hearts of spectators as it ever was; perhaps stronger, since it is more seldom roused. There is just the possibility of being a very scientific batsman, and yet being wanting in the spirit of a true sportsman. It is the same with regard to bowling: maiden over after maiden over may keep down the runs, but it is the plucky bowler who does not mind risking something and being hit, who is of most use to his side, and does most for the game.

The future prospects of the game in Australia are very bright. That country has always been blessed with exceptionally good bowlers, and there can be little doubt that future teams will uphold the reputation of those which have preceded them. Lord Sheffield's team, which in all probability is going out at the end of the present season, will be the twelfth which has visited Australia, and will be quite worthy of the old country, and we may almost depend on Australia sending a team here in 1892 or 1893, the equal of any team that has ever visited England. After that, I think, there will be a rest for some years. So far the teams, which have come and gone, have been more or less arranged by individuals; in the future they will be managed by the different cricket associations, and the in-

terests of the game will be the chief consideration. The history of English teams in Australia has shown us the wonderful progress the game has made in that country. But although our best eleven has very rarely gone out there, the matches played against odds have been greatly in excess of those played against eleven a-side. I believe that this will soon be reversed, and it is not improbable that in the near future Australia may win two out of the three representative matches generally played.

Everything points to the professionals keeping the upper-hand of the amateurs now. Occasionally, as in the past, an amateur will shine out for a year or two and turn the tables in the Gentlemen *v.* Players contests; but it is pretty safe to predict that the Players will have the better all-round team, and win most of these matches in the future.

The laws of the game are about as perfect as possible. The l.b.w. question will always be a vexed one, and no alteration which can be made with regard to it will stop the grumbling of the batsman or bowler. The law empowering the captain of a side to declare his innings at an end works well in a match lasting three days; but in one day matches it has done more harm than good. Too often, two or three batsmen get all the runs, and, not unfrequently, the same players have to do most of the bowling. The result may be victory; but it is a very barren honour for the rest of the eleven. A repetition is sufficient to destroy their love of the game, and discourage them for good.

Twenty-five years ago a carefully prepared ground was the exception, and not the rule; but now, in every first-class county, there are two or three good grounds. In the future, these grounds will be improved, as far as that is possible, and their number will continue to increase. In fact, good grounds are now springing up all over the country.

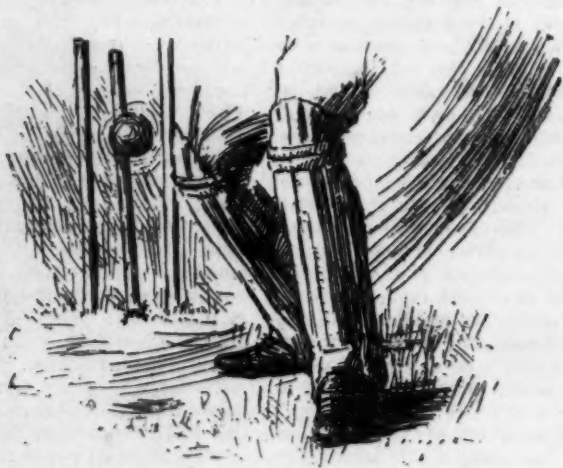
It has been suggested to me that golf is likely to prove a formidable rival to cricket, and, certainly, to lovers of our national game, the hold golf has taken in England in the last few years must be of more than ordinary interest. While it was played principally in Scotland, and was confined, more or less, to players of advanced years, cricketers only gave it a passing thought; but now that it has crossed the border and taken a firm footing in their midst, they cannot help considering the effect it is likely

to have on cricket. It will not do to say that golf holds out no attractions to cricketers, for it has come under my own notice that a few first-class cricketers have suddenly given up the game which they had followed with enthusiasm from boyhood, and identified themselves with this new and powerful claimant for their affections, just as closely as they ever did with cricket.

Wherein lies the charm of golf I know not. So far, I have only looked on at the game. I am more concerned with its possible influence on my own particular branch of sport, and here I do not think there is much occasion for anxiety. Everyone will remember the doleful predictions which were uttered some ten years ago when lawn-tennis became so popular. Well, the number of lawn-tennis players has

increased yearly without lessening the number of cricketers. The American baseball invasion was another scare which lasted for a short time, but it has had no effect on cricket. Golf, in spite of the charms ascribed to it, will not affect the future of cricket, although it may deservedly take a firm hold amongst us.

It is very difficult to tell how cricket will be played at the end of the next century. When we reflect on the trifling changes that have taken place in the last 50 years, it appears probable, that although some alterations may be made in the laws, they will not be such as to materially affect the game. I firmly believe that in 1991 cricket will be played as it is to-day, and that it will for ever retain the title of our national game.





BY IDA LEMON.



PERHAPS she did not mean to be trying, but she was—very; and in my case, when you've been the only one, it is not easy to share things without

feeling a little bit inclined to grumble inside. You see, Brenda was two years older than I, and I suppose that is why she thought she must always be first in everything. When I had played games before, I had been all the parts except those I gave to Lucinda; and, of course, Lucinda was never selfish. Now, when we had schools, Brenda would be the teacher. When we played at feasts, she wanted to do all the making; and when it was illnesses, she was the doctor and did all the talking, and I only had to put out my tongue and let her pinch my wrist to feel my pulse. If I might have been angry *sometimes* I could have borne it better, but mother had made a "Little children, love one another," with the capitals in gold, and hung it up over the nursery mantel-piece, and I know she meant me specially to care for Brenda, because her papa and mamma were both buried. I was dreadfully sorry when mother explained that to me at first, and we had pigeon for dinner that night, so I gave up the little brain out of its head

which cook always saved for me, and ever after Brenda seemed to expect it.

But it was worst of all with Lucinda. Lucinda was a year old. Uncle Tom had brought her from Paris, and she was lovely.



SHE WAS THE DOCTOR AND DID ALL THE TALKING



Her dress was blue and took off, and she had little socks and shoes and real under-clothing, and her legs moved. You could



"YOU'LL LEND LUCINDA TO MISS BRENDA," NURSE SAID.

make her stand, if you did it carefully, but I did not like to risk her nose. It would have been such a pity to dent it. Brenda did not feel like that, and that is why I did not like to trust her with Lucinda. Besides, she was unkind to her. She always liked to pretend she was naughty, which she never was, and made that an excuse for slapping her. And another thing was, she would insist on combing her hair, and then it always came out by the roots. But for all that she was very fond of her, and thought it selfish of me not to lend her more often.

One afternoon, however, my cousin had a very bad headache. She had not done any lessons all the morning, nor read in the book about "the bad cat which eat the mad rat," and she was not able to go for a drive into town with mother and me.

"You might leave me Lucinda, Rosie," she said, while nurse was tying my sash.

I pretended not to hear, but nurse said, "Yes, you'll lend Lucinda to Miss Brenda, wont you, dearie, because she is not feeling well, and she'll be dull without you all the afternoon?"

"I just can't," I said. "She's got on her hat and things, and she is coming for a drive. She wants some fresh air. But I'll bring you back some sweets, Brenda, see if I don't."

"I don't want sweets," said Brenda; "besides, what am I to do all the time you are away? I think *some* people *are* mean."

"I am not mean," I exclaimed; "I always go halves in things. Besides, it is just as selfish to ask as it is not to give. So there!" But I went to the cupboard all the same, and pulled out the doll's house where Lucinda lived.

"I suppose I'll have to give up," I said. "There, take her," and I laid her, not too graciously, on Brenda's dirty pinafore. Brenda's pinafores always were dirty, somehow. She did not say "thank you," but I did not mind that. I felt sad as I went downstairs, that I had not done it with a better grace, because it had struck me that Brenda did look ill, and her eyes were sort of heavy. "Never mind," I said to myself, "I'll bring her back a whole packet of



I LAID LUCINDA, NOT TOO GRACIOUSLY, ON BRENDA'S PINAFORE.



toffee, a threepenny one, because then you get a piece in."

We were not gone very long after all, but when I got back to the nursery, there was Brenda fast asleep in her chair, and my Lucinda had fallen off her knee right down into the fender. There she lay, all in a heap, and her cheek, which had hit against the tongs, had a big dent.

I was angry! I lifted up Lucinda, and then I shook Brenda, to wake her up.

"I think you are the selfishest, unkindest, cruellest girl in all the world," I said. "Look here, how would you like it if this were yours?" Tears prevented my saying any more. To my surprise, Brenda began to cry too, a thing she hardly ever did.

"It is you who are unkind," she said. "How would you like to be shaken if you had a head-ache?"

"I am glad I did hurt you," I said; "you deserve it, and after I had spent a whole week's money to buy you toffee. But I'll eat it all myself now, every bit, see if I don't," and I marched with dignity into the night nursery, and left her. For a wonder she did not answer me, she only went on crying.

As usual, directly afterwards I felt sorry, but I wasn't going to make it up first.

Brenda did not sleep in my room that night. They wheeled her bed into the nursery, and mother told me I was not to go into the nursery in the morning, but to have breakfast with her and father, for a treat.

When the morning came mother walked into my room and told me that Sarah would dress me instead of nurse. She looked pale and like she does when father is home very late from hunting.

"Where is nurse?" I said.

"With Brenda. Get up, dearie, and don't ask questions."

At breakfast she said something to father about "sickening."

Early in the morning the doctor's carriage drove up, and he went upstairs.

The next thing I knew was that there was a sheet hanging on the nursery landing, smelling of some queer stuff, and I was forbidden to pass it. They told me Brenda had scarlet fever.

The time that followed I shall never forget. I was not sent away, but the house was so quiet and no visitors came, and I

was never allowed to go even as far as the landing of my cousin's room. All the house smelt like the sheet. So did mother whenever she came near me, which was not often, for she was with Brenda all the time. So was nurse. And Sarah attended to me. It was very lonely. I had got out of the habit of playing alone, and it did not seem natural any longer to be all the parts. Lucinda was my great comfort. I loved her more than ever in those days. But I was worse than lonely—I was unhappy. I felt that Brenda must be very ill, because she did not



WHEN I GOT BACK, LUCINDA LAY WOUNDED ON THE FLOOR.

eat the things that went upstairs, not even the jelly; and Sarah told me that scarlet fever gave you red spots all over. I could not imagine Brenda with red spots. I wondered if they grew over her freckles, and if they hurt. Oh, I hoped they didn't hurt. But most, I wished we had not quarrelled the day she was taken ill. I wanted very much to see her. "You can't, childie," said mother, who looked quite sad most of the time, "you would catch the fever; I am anxious about you as it is."

"You don't catch it."

"That's different. Everything which

goes up to the room will have to be destroyed. Fever is a very bad thing."

It was wicked of me, I know, but I felt almost angry with Brenda for having the fever all to herself, and taking mother and nurse and everything. I wished I could catch it. Then I was afraid, and asked God to forgive me. "But, oh," I said, "let Brenda get well soon."

"Miss Rosie," remarked Sarah, who had been undressing me, "Nurse said Miss Brenda sent you a message. She was sorry she had dropped Lucinda that day; and she is sorry for the times she has been cross. And she loves you very much; and she thinks you have been a good little cousin to her."

"What made her send me that message, Sarah?" I asked, as I climbed into bed. "I expect she has been talking to mother. I know, I feel like that when I've had talks. Sarah, why are you crying? Have you had another quarrel with your sweetheart?"

"No, Miss, it's not that," said Sarah, with a sob. "But there, there, go to sleep, like a good little girl."

But I couldn't. I did love Brenda really, and I didn't want all the making up to be on her side. Anyway I felt I would like her to know it was all right, and that I was keeping the toffee for her in a tin box, so it mightn't get soft, except just one piece that I had eaten—the odd piece. And what kept me awake, too, was that something said in my mind that I ought to lend her Lucinda, because she was ill. But I couldn't, and oh! Mother had said everything she had would have to be destroyed. Destroyed! My Lucinda! Oh I couldn't give her up; besides, was it worth while? Perhaps Brenda would be well soon.

"Sarah," I called presently. She came. She was only in the next room.

"What! not asleep yet, Miss Rosie? Good gracious me, how hot you are, child." She held up the light. "And as wide awake as possible."

"Yes, Sarah; does scarlet fever take long to have?"

"That depends," said Sarah. "When I had it, there was a long, dreary while when I was getting well. The squire's young ladies used to send me down toys to play with. They was good. And, Miss Nellie, whom I had seen at Sunday school, actually sent me up her doll."

"Look here, Sarah," I said desperately, "just get Lucinda." I gulped down something. "Take her to nurse, and tell nurse to give her to Brenda, with my love."

"Oh, Miss Rosie," began Sarah, "Lucinda, too, you are an angel, but"—

"Run," I said, pushing her with my hand, and then I hid my face in the pillow, and sobbed.

It was not yet morning when mother came into my room and stood by my bedside. I woke up. She sat down, took me in her arms, and kissed me.

"Lucinda," I said, taking up my thoughts where they had dropped when I fell asleep, "what did Brenda say?"

"Darling," said mother, very softly, "it made her so happy. You should have seen her smile when nurse gave her your message. But she would not take Lucinda."

"Why?" I asked, relieved and disappointed at once. A tear splashed down on my hand.

"Rosie," said mother brokenly. "Little Brenda knew that God was going to give

her better treasures than toys. She does not need Lucinda now."

I began to understand.

"Why does everybody cry?" I asked.

"Oh, Mother!"

"Dear," mother said, "we are selfish; Brenda is very happy. She is in heaven."

They put Lucinda into my arms to comfort me, but oh, how gladly now would I have given even her to have Brenda with me once again. But I was glad we had made it up.



I WAS GLAD WE HAD MADE IT UP.



## PART II.

### BORN TO THE BAD.



HER theme being "explorations on shady land," a distinguished lady writer (who probably gleaned all her information on the subject by means of a few days of daring "slumming," attended by the family coachman in mufti, who carried a formidable bludgeon concealed beneath his coat to be used if neces-

sary in his mistress's defence), thus discourses of the gutter babes there abounding :

"It is altogether a mistake to believe that the young natives of these benighted regions are the miserable and sickly starvelings they are commonly pictured as being. I have not the least idea how it may be accounted for ; but this I can vouch for. Taking, say, fifty of the human small-fry to be seen toddling about the slushy pavements, imperilling their tender limbs and lives by making a playground of the roadway, or sprawling about the horribly unclean house steps and passages, and, despite their grime and rags, for sturdiness and healthfulness they will favourably compare with any similar number of children selected at random, the

progeny of respectable parents, and from their birth properly fed and clothed and cared for. It would appear that, being to the manner born, neither poverty, nor cold, nor dirt disagrees with them, and they thrive and grow fat under conditions that would speedily poison a child used to what are generally regarded as the common necessities of existence."

Should my sister scribe subscribe to THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, and this insignificant series of mine attract her attention, I humbly hope that she will pardon my remarking that if she has nothing more reliable to say respecting what else came under her observation in "shady land," she might well have saved herself the many frightful perils she must have had to face in pursuit of her "exploration," and at the same time spared her readers the perusal of an account that is downright as erroneous as if she had never ventured east of Temple Bar.

It is perfectly true that in the back settlements of "darkest London," morning, noon, and night, gutter babies may be seen disporting in noisome courts and narrow alleys, and the dingiest streets to be found between Shoreditch Church and Limehouse Hole, is constantly enlivened by their semi-savage whooping and yelling. But these are only the few—the exceptional growths that, despite the drawbacks of a sour and stony soil, and an impure atmosphere, have somehow survived, and, barring accident or epidemic disease, may attain maturity, and propagate their kind.

But what as to their needy and weakly sisters and brothers, who languish on, house-bound, in close and evil-smelling, sunless rooms, or in dark and damp underground kitchens, pining for fresh air and wholesome nourishment, just as plants



"SHADY LAND."

grow in a cellar, put forth grey leaves instead of green, and buds that are blighted ere they are fully formed? The parish doctors of "darkest London" know all about this, as does the hard-worked medical gentleman at the local dispensary, and, better perhaps than either, the authorities at the Children's Hospital, where advice and medicine may be obtained gratis on application.

At the East London Hospital, at which the patients are chiefly children of tender years, may any day of the week be seen woeful evidence in abundance of the havoc wrought among the baby population of the shums by neglect, more or less avoidable, and dirt, and semi-starvation. The mothers sit in rows in the waiting room, with their ailing little ones on their knees or at their side, and in almost every small wizened visage may be read a pitiful story. Not one in half-a-dozen are what might fairly be termed "baby-faced," that is to say, the happy mother of a brood of rosy boys and girls, as you would regard them. They are suggestive of the fabled cradle "changelings" of fairy lore, only there appear to be few for which the good fairies are responsible, but the wicked ones, and the malicious witches, who delight in substituting weird, small creatures, of the goblin kind, for the slumbering darlings tucked in their cots so cosily at bed-time.

The plumpness, the roundness, the ripe-peach complexion, the satin softness, and pudgy limb, and chubby cheeks, that are the common characteristics of infantile existence, are looked for in vain among the scores of diminutive patients to be seen daily at the East London Hospital. They appear rather as if they had already borne the brunt of the battle of life in some previous world, and come invalided into this. The best of them are wan, and weary-looking, and dull-eyed,

as though they not only knew what aches and pains were, but had grown used to them, and become aware of the uselessness of crying or complaint. Others are grotesque little mites, with bulging and overgrown heads, that look enormous, contrasted with their dwindled body and limbs. Others, again, have "pigeon" cheeks, or weak or crooked spines, or are "pot bellied," and skeleton framed, or have bowed or twisted legs, or their wrists and knees and ankles have thickened to twice the normal size, through the cruel affliction of "rickets." I don't know how many thousands of such cases are treated at this most excellent institution, but, despite the skill and increasing kindness of the doctors, unless by good fortune they are admitted as in-door patients, the chances are that nearly half the number will die.

The main reason is not far to seek—the seeking of medical aid has been too long delayed—not, in the majority of cases, perhaps, on account of apathy or indifference on the part of the mothers. It is a boon and a blessing, no doubt, to be able any day of the week to be able to avail oneself of the services of a doctor who charges nothing for the best that he can do, but it is not as though he might be sent for to come to the house as in ordinary. It is of course out of the question, under the circumstances, that he could be sent for, but therein lies the poor hard-working mother's difficulty. Hours with her are precious. It cannot be said that they are golden, or even silver. They are worth, if she be a match-box maker or a slop tailoress, exactly a penny each, no more.

But, because they are worth so very little, she can ill-afford to waste them with bread at sixpence the four-pound loaf; even at six in the morning she must toil



AT THE EAST LONDON HOSPITAL.



diligently until noon for bread enough for her hungry brood, and for that alone. Everything in proportion. For the ha'porth of milk that is eked out to last for breakfast and tea she must work half-an-hour; the morsel of tea and sugar used at the same meals she must keep her practised fingers going nimbly for sixty minutes, and to put by the necessary sixpence a day towards the weekly rent of her room, her children being put to bed at eight o'clock, she must then set up with a will and keep on until eleven to earn—half the amount.

down his prices, and this is mostly "small work," but it gives him and his journeyman constant employment, and his system is cash down, before a start is made for the cemetery.

But merciful death does not, in all such instances, bring speedy relief. The stricken child may linger on for months, bed-ridden, may be, or not so much crippled but it can crawl about the room. The one room of the match-box maker, reeking with the sickening odour of sour paste, or of the slop-clothes maker with a heavy sewing machine, with its unceasing, head-splitting clatter. The single, wretchedly furnished, apartment



THE CRICKET OF THE SLUMS.

So that, as plainly enough appears, it is a very serious matter for a mother with a family to lose, say, two half-days a week in taking a sick child to the hospital. Practically, it means a weekly deduction of two loaves from the already not extravagant allowance of daily bread, and it is, therefore, not to be much wondered at if what is of such vital importance to the sick child is put off in the forlorn hope that the ailment may "take a turn," and render going to the hospital unnecessary. And not uncommonly it does "take a turn," and one not the less to be thankful for, because, if it is the left instead of the right, ending the pitiful aches and pains and necessitating a visit to the local undertaker instead. There is no more prosperous tradesman in the neighbourhood. To be sure he has to keep

that has to serve as factory and place of living by day, and, with the new clothes or the match-boxes heaped inside and the bed dragged out of the cupboard, as a sleeping-chamber at night, what in the whole world can be more pitiful than the daily life of a sick child under such conditions? Especially if it be old enough to be aware that it is only an incumbrance and a burden that might be dispensed with, without causing many tears to flow. He has no heart for play—even if its more robust brothers and sisters are willing. Mother has no time to talk to it much, or give it special attention, and it has nothing to do, should it be winter, but sit and brood in its



small way, in a corner by the hearth ; or, should the time of year be sunny summer, perch up at a window that overlooks the street below, where boys and girls are revelling in romps and games, and wonder, sad and sorrowful, why it has not health and strength to be there among them ; and so it drags out the weary time while it gradually recovers, or is pining and dwindling, until one morning the dingy window-blind, instead of being drawn up, still hangs at full length, and the neighbours know what has happened.

It is scarcely conceivable that a little child in enfeebled health could be thus miserably circumstanced, but so it is. In the countless courts and alleys and grim no-thoroughfares that lie within the shadow of the magnificent buildings of the Great City, might be discovered scores of infants as well qualified to be out-patients at the hospital or dispensary as any found in attendance there, who are without even the small amount of maternal care a mother who toils at some trade at home can give them. It is quite a common thing among the poorest of the poor, for both parents of a family of small children to be out from morning until night earning a scanty livelihood ; and then, as will frequently happen,

sick or well, there is no one to attend to them but a sister, who is but a mere child herself. She may be a kind-hearted, prematurely wise, willing little drudge, who conscientiously fulfils the harassing responsibility cast on her ; or, as just as likely, she is a careless urchin, whose sole delight is to be in the streets. In which case she either leaves her helpless charges locked in the room while she seeks out-door amusement, or, being afraid to leave them at home, she compromises the matter by compelling them to accompany her, ill clad and shoeless, may be, and quite regardless of weather. The ailing babe she carries in her arms—its white, listless face hanging over her shoulder—and the others bedraggling behind her. This, nothing be-guiles her from decorum and sedateness. But should she happen on acquaintances of her own age, who are enjoying a game with a skipping rope, or dancing to a street organ, she unhesitatingly accepts the invitation to "join in," and so passes a hilarious half-hour, having first deposited rheumatic little Polly or ricketty baby brother Bob on a doorstep, or, lacking that, on the wet pavement, with his aching back resting against a brick wall.



MOTHER HAS NO TIME TO TALK AT WORK



A CITY clerk was seated alone at a high wooden desk in a dingy old office in Eastcheap, laboriously engaged in some monotonous routine work, which he loathed. His personal appearance corresponded with the surroundings: his coat was old and shiny; his boots and tie well worn; his trousers nearly threadbare, and baggy at the knees. With many thousands of others he was perforce obliged to go on and on, like the wanderer of old, wearily plodding through a life of unceasing toil, to earn a bare subsistence of £80 a year, on which he was expected to maintain the appearance of a gentleman. After twelve years of faithful, honest service, sometimes attended with great responsibilities, and remunerated by a paltry salary, he was beginning to feel dissatisfied with his lot in life, weary of the continued drudgery and meagre pay, without any prospect of improvement in the future; and as he bent over his work in the dingy room, he tried to think of some practical ways and means whereby his worldly position might be improved. But how, he asked himself over and over again, could he break the irksome fetters which bound him down to his life of hard earned poverty? Throw up his present situation and seek in other spheres a better fortune. Where? Out of the 400,000 pushing Germans, more than one million thrifty Scotsmen, and a countless multitude of Board School educated compatriots, with whom the London labour market is more than surfeited, the vacancy made by his retirement would be filled up in a twinkling,

and he might starve before he again obtained employment. In his unhappy, dissatisfied condition he painted everything in its worst and blackest colours. He did not think, or he did not know, that his master, a canny, hard-headed Yorkshireman, entertained a very high opinion of his services and integrity. He forgot for the moment that it was entirely owing to his own foresight and exertions that a formerly small and despised branch of the business had been worked up until it had become one of the greatest sources of the firm's revenue.

Mr. Gardiner, his master, was a severe, close-fisted man, who bought his labour, as he did his goods, in the lowest market, and always obtained good value for his money. Again, the young man reflected, Mr. Gardiner was fast becoming very infirm; he would soon have to retire from the city altogether, the business would be given up, the clerks disbanded, and he, Edwin Reeves, would be turned adrift with the others.

His unhappy meditations were interrupted by a call from the private room, and he rose with alacrity to answer the summons.

"Come here, Reeves. I want to give you some instructions before I go," said his master, a small, grey-haired, aged man, huddled up in a large armchair, before a desk covered with business papers. "Some time ago a friend of mine, before leaving for America, entrusted this packet of diamonds to my care. As I shall be away in Manchester for at least a fortnight, I do not like to leave the packet unprotected at home, so have brought it here, where I think it will be safer. If you count the stones, you will find there are exactly forty-one; and their value, I am informed, is

nearly twelve thousand pounds. Put them in the office safe, and keep the key in your sole custody, while I am away, and count them once or twice a week to be sure that the packet has not been tampered with."

"Yes sir," the clerk replied, receiving the packet from his master's hand.

"I leave you in entire control here, Reeves. You must keep the younger ones up to their work, and everything should go as smoothly as if I were here myself."

"Yes, sir."

The old man rose, and began to make his preparations to leave; and half an hour afterwards he had taken his departure to Manchester, from which place he did not expect to return for at least two weeks.

Meanwhile, a curious change had come over the young man, Edwin Reeves. His manner was pre-occupied and thoughtful, and when the other clerks said "Good night" to him, he did not seem to hear them, but was presently startled to find that they had all gone away and left him alone in the office. The same cause which had produced his previous thoughtfulness, now made him suddenly rise, push his papers into his desk, lock the safe, and hurry out into the fresh night air, after carefully closing the office door behind him. But he did not go far. The pre-occupied

thoughtful manner returned, and he stopped on the kerbstone at the corner of the street, watching the carts, and vans, and omnibusses passing to and fro, yet, seeing nothing but that packet of diamonds reposing in a drawer of the old iron office safe, of which he alone held the key. He had not counted them after all. Suppose the old man had made a mistake, and there was one less than he said; or suppose it was the other way about, and there were forty-two. He retraced his steps, and crept quietly up the narrow old-fashioned staircase to the office, silently turned his latch-key in the lock, and opened the door.

A piece of paper rustled along the floor, and made him start violently with a strange fear in his heart, which throbbed and throbbed as if it would burst its way out or suffocate him. He closed the door, and lighted the gas, opened the safe, and withdrew the packet from its resting place. It was easily unfastened, and, under the gas-light, every colour of the rainbow shone out from the brilliant stones. "One, two, three, five, eight," eleven, seventeen, twenty-five, thirty-one, forty, forty-one," he counted, separating the sparkling gems with his fingers. Yes, the number was quite correct. What was that noise outside that made him start again, and hastily wrap the tissue paper round the gems? Only the house-keeper coming to clean the

offices. He crept cautiously to the door and fixed the latch, so that she could not enter. Again he opened the packet, and gazed lingeringly at its precious contents. "£12,000," he murmured. "It is a great risk to leave them here all night. Where would be the harm if I took them home in my pocket?" He could guard it more securely if he had it near him. He locked the safe, turned out the gas, and crept quietly into the street again. Why did that policeman stare so strangely at his coat? Did his pocket bulge out much? He glanced



HE WAS DISSATISFIED WITH HIS LOT

nervously down, and pressed the small protuberance with his hand. No, no; it was scarcely noticeable. Why did that red-faced man opposite to him in the omnibus never take his eyes off the lump? He leaned forward, and covered it with his arm. It was a hard lump, and grew heavier and heavier; it grew in size, also, the more he tried to cover it up, until it seemed to him as if he were hiding a melon in the breast pocket of his coat. He had never noticed before how slow those omnibusses were or how far he lived from the office, but he arrived home at last. There was a plain tea of bread and butter

and a pot of jam laid ready on the table in his poorly furnished lodging, but he did not want to eat. "£12,000!" "£12,000!" "£12,000!" "£12,000!" "£12,000!" "£12,000!" was the refrain of his constantly recurring thoughts. The words formed and repeated themselves over and over again, until he jumped up, locked the door, and drew the precious packet from his pocket. One of those beautiful, glistening stones would pay all his debts and keep him in comfort, without any necessity to work, for two or three years. He shuddered, and covered them with his hands. Could not Mr. Gardiner be induced to believe that he had wrongly counted them—that there were really only forty stones all told? No, no, Edwin Reeves, a gentleman's son, could never be guilty of that. Was he not a gentleman? Aye, a fine gentleman! The name was a mockery, applied to such as he.

He locked the packet up in a large wooden trunk containing his scanty wardrobe, and went out into the night air to think; but, before he got to the end of the terrace, a horrible idea flashed through his brain. Suppose he had not quite locked the box, and his prying landlady found the packet among his clothes! He rushed back to see if the precious parcel was still safe in its hiding place, and was afraid to leave it again. He would go to bed early, and try to sleep away the horrible feeling which haunted him. He got into bed, and pushed the diamonds far back under his pillow, then tried to close his eyes, but his fiercely tortured brain refused to rest. Suppose he should wake in the morning, and forget the diamonds, and his landlady find them under his pillow while he was at the office. He held the packet in his hand, and dozed off for a few minutes, but suddenly started up in a nightmare. He had dreamed that his master had returned unexpectedly, and discovered the diamonds were not in the safe, had denounced him as a thief, and he was dragged through the streets by two policemen, in the midst of a crowd of jeering, ragged boys. He got up and dressed himself, with the intention of taking the wretched things back, and replacing them in the safe, but suddenly remembered that it was then the middle of the

night. When the landlady called him in the morning, he rose to his meagre breakfast, pale, haggard, and exhausted by a night of torture and unrest. He took the packet with him to the office, haunted all the way with horrible fears of being run over, and the diamonds being found upon him when undressed at the hospital. In his highly-wrought condition of nervous apprehension, he thought that everyone he met regarded him with suspicion and distrust. His fellow clerks remarked his strange, distressed appearance, and marvelled at it; his irritability was terrible.

All day long Edwin Reeves wore that weary, haggard expression of countenance, and moved listlessly about his duties. When he left the office at night, the fire of temptation was raging within him, and he again carried the packet of diamonds in his pocket.

Another restless evening, followed by a night of torturing nightmares, passed, and he rose in the morning paler and more haggard than the day before. That burning fear of discovery continually haunted him, transforming every moment into an hour of misery and torture. Every sound made him start and tremble, every minute was a week of agony; he looked and felt five years older than a week ago. "Why not end this agony?" he asked himself. "How?" "Sell the stones and go away. The proceeds of the sale will enable you to



"THEIR VALUE IS  
TWELVE THOUSAND POUNDS."

J. R. S.



live in comfort for the rest of your days—  
£12,000! £12,000!"

By noon he could bear it no longer; his brain was on fire, his heart throbbed convulsively, fits of shivering and perspiration and shivering followed each other in rapid succession. He left the office, saying he should be some time gone, and if he did not return by six o'clock, the others could shut up for the night. He would have a clear twenty-four hours' start before any suspicions of his having absconded were aroused. By that time he would be in Amsterdam, Hailing a cab, he directed the driver to take him to a well-known firm of diamond merchants in Hatton Garden. As the cab drew within sight of the destination, his heart thumped-thumped against his ribs with redoubled violence, and his whole body burst into a hot perspiration. He trembled so much that he could not hold the few coins he drew from his pocket, and several pence, slipping through his fingers, rolled unheeded in the gutter. Handing the cabman a half-crown, he rushed, panting and trembling, into the diamond merchant's office, and drawing two sparkling stones from his waistcoat pocket dropped them on the counter.

"I've b-b-brought these. How much?—" he stammered through his chattering teeth.

The Hebrew gentleman addressed picked up one of the gems and examined it carefully, turning it this way and that, over and over, in the palm of his hand.

"What have you brought this here for?"

"T-t-to sell."

"How much do you expect for it?"

"Der-der-don't know. How much is it worth?"

"I'll give you five shillings for the pair."

"Eh?"

"Five shillings for the two."

Edwin Reeves grasped the edge of the counter, to save himself from falling.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the man.

"Wher- wher- wher- what's the matter with 'em?" repeated the wretched clerk.

"They are very good. In fact they are the best—imitations I have ever seen."

"What! both?" he gasped.

"Yes, both. What did *you* think they were?"

"Then, what are these?" cried the astounded fellow, jerking the packet out of his pocket, and spreading the other thirty-nine stones on the counter.

The diamond merchant examined half-a-dozen.

"All imitations, and very good ones, too," he said.

Edwin Reeves collected them up mechanically, and wrapped them in their tissue paper again.

"I'm much obliged to you, sir," he said to the astonished Hebrew. "Good morning."

"Good morning."

He returned on foot to the office, and carefully placed the packet in a drawer in the old iron safe, and resumed his work. The other clerks noticed that he looked happier, and worked more industriously than he had done since the master went away. He was like a man just saved from a great trouble, who is grateful for having been rescued from his impending calamity. He was most assiduous, and in the course of two hours' hard work righted several matters of business that had got into arrear during the two days' neglect.

To the surprise of everybody there, just as the clock struck five, Mr. Gardiner walked into the office, straight to Edwin Reeves's desk.

"I concluded my business in Manchester much sooner than I expected, Reeves," he said aloud. Then, bending closer, "I want to speak to you alone when the others have gone;" and entered his private room.

Edwin Reeves, pale and trembling, could make no reply. He saw it all, now. A trick had been played upon him, his integrity had been put to the test, he had been weighed in the balances and found wanting. With an anxious, sinking heart, he tottered into his master's room to receive the sentence of his punishment. As he entered, Mr. Gardiner looked up with his usual severe frown.

"Bring me the packet of diamonds, Reeves."

"It's all over now," he thought, as he tottered out of the room again to fetch them, but he brought them back, and laid them on the old man's desk, without a word. If his life had depended on the utterance of a syllable, he could not have articulated it just then.

Mr. Gardiner slowly opened the packet, and counted the stones. As he pushed the diamonds from him, a kindly smile came over his face, and he held out a long, thin hand to the trembling clerk.

"Let me shake hands with you, Edwin. Shake hands, I say, and in future I shall call you Edwin. For several months past



I have found that the worry and care of this business was getting beyond me. I am getting an old man. But before retiring, I wanted to be sure that I should leave it in good hands, and to test your integrity I tried the best scheme I could think of. You have stood the test nobly, and I shall be very glad indeed if you will accept the best recompense I can make for the many years of honest, faithful service you have given me. I freely offer you an equal share with myself in this business, which shall henceforth be conducted under your sole management. What do you say, Edwin?"

The young man's heart almost ceased to beat, as he leaned against the table to support himself from falling.

"You are too good, sir. Indeed, too good and kind," he sobbed, tears of bitter shame and humiliation pouring from his eyes.

"Why, what's the matter? You deserve it all," exclaimed the old man.

"Indeed, I do not, sir," he cried.

"Nonsense, nonsense! I see I have

taken you by surprise. Go home and think it over, and give me your answer in the morning."

Edwin Reeves went home, and for three weeks struggled with a malignant fever which followed the reaction of his highly strung nerves. When his health and strength came back to him, he returned to the old dingy office as a partner in the firm, and, by his strict integrity and honesty of purpose, became one of the wealthiest and most highly respected men of business in the City of London. In those three days

of bitter trial and temptation, he had learnt a lesson which he never forgot. He alone knew that he had been saved from crime through sheer inability to carry out his base intentions, but he also realized that the torturing agony and fear of possible detection could not be compensated for by all the diamonds in the world. Edwin Reeves was fortunate. Not every man who falls under temptation is saved in spite of himself.



THE YOUNG MAN'S HEART ALMOST CEASED TO BEAT.



## ENGLAND'S SWITZERLAND.

By E. GOWING SCOPES.



FOREIGN travel is not the Englishman's strong point, his home is his castle; yet he is very proud of having accomplished a little globe-trotting. The trip to the continent for a week, with rations, guides, interpreters, and other attendant miseries all thrown in, for £4 or £5, is a feature of enjoyment greatly on the increase in middle-class life. During August your butcher, for instance, clears out his fly-blown stock, puts up a notice to the effect that in consequence of the hot weather the supply has been placed in the refrigerator, and leaving a small impudent boy to bang away at the blue-bottles with the flat side of a huge carving knife, invites his wife to leave the little "pay here" office, at the back of the shop, and go with him to Amsterdam, or to visit the Alps. Happy butcher! honoured Alps. Now, it is very probable this man will know very little of Great Britain outside a few miles of his door. He takes his interesting cockney accent into another land, and endeavours, in company with his perspiring Mariah, to awe the rocky heights with his presence. But his blue-aproned soul does not rise for long above recollections of the shop. Standing at a decidedly safe distance from any yawning crevice, he scans the landscape o'er, and thus remarks to his buxom spouse, what a lot of good grazing land there seems to be going for nothing in

those parts. Ah, what a line he thinks he could do in Welsh mutton, if it was not for the cost of grazing.

Now, Welsh mutton brings us much nearer the scene of our thoughts. I have a vivid recollection of Welsh mutton. You can buy those dainty little legs in London at 1s. per lb., but if you would enjoy the diminutive joint, freshly gathered from the hillside, you must go to the land of its birth.

I am not a Welshman, nor did I spend my honeymoon in the principality, therefore I do not consider my admiration of the country a matter of bias. Memories of North Wales are to me as a pleasant dream, and when an old Welsh friend writes to say, come back to us for a few days, I fear to consent, lest the charm should be broken.



SLATE QUARRYING

The unsolved law of chance smiled kindly upon me the other day. I had often wished for a collection of views of the Welsh beauty-spots that I knew so well. My wish has been gratified. Turning over some books at a stall, I casually opened a thin, unpromising case and was quite surprised to find it was a sketch book. Every page contained a clever drawing, and almost every drawing was of a scene that recalled happy hours. Noting my eagerness the wily shop-keeper priced the book at a guinea, but I paid it unobtrusively, and fled with my treasure. Inspecting the book up a quiet street, I found that the sketches were by one Howell, and were made in the year 1802—just ninety years ago. A few are here reproduced to accompany these remarks, such scenes having been chosen as have undergone little or no alteration. Ninety years has left no mark upon those hills, nor altered the course of the Menai Straits; Conway Castle remains, a stricken relic of the past, the railway has tunneled through its heart; Llanwrst Bridge yet stands to glorify the name of its builder, Inigo Jones, and though it continues to shake when carriages cross, it is quite safe, and in good repair; Snowdon's lordly head rises the highest of the surrounding peaks, while Llyn Idwal's waters are ever dark and deathsome, suggestive of the unhappy deeds that are told in many a story.

When, not long ago, a dear friend, who had a weak heart, came to me at the dead of night, distressed because he knew not where to spend his honeymoon, I wept with him till the break of day, and then, shaking both his hands in fond farewell, advised him to bear the ceremony calmly, and should he survive the wedding breakfast speech, to tuck his bride under his wing and hie him to Bangor in North Wales. I afterwards learned that my friend endeavoured to take my words to heart, but never succeeded in getting further than Llandudno, where he and his sat upon the beach, under the shadow of the pier, for a fortnight. Their knowledge of the sea view from that point is unsurpassed. But my thoughts are not for the newly married; theirs is a nobler mission.

Bangor is clean and neat, but let the visitor make an effort to find "diggings" a little way out of the town, at Garth Point. You are then on the banks of the Menai, and may spend starlight evenings listening to the music of the waters, or

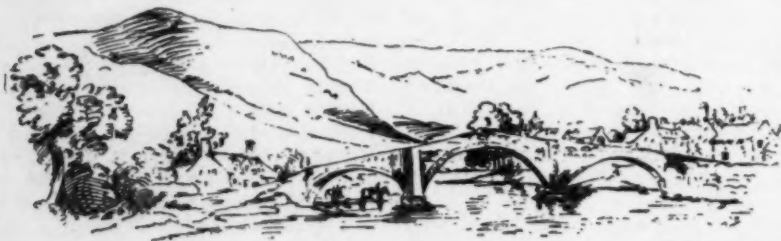
take an early morning walk by the Straits. As you make for the great Suspension Bridge, note the lordly residences on the Anglesea bank. That mansion, with the fine lawn sloping to the waters edge, is where—but no matter, a sad cloud rests upon that house to-day. Arrived at the bridge, pay the toll, and go across. If it is windy, hold tight, or you may be lifted off your feet, and thrown against the ironwork. Once on the Anglesea side, take one of the little pony carriages along the high road, and visit Beaumaris. It is quaint in the extreme, and the old Court House is just as Court Houses used to be. At the entrance is an old sedan chair that was at one time used by royalty. The rose-coloured silk blinds that hang over the little windows of the chair are somewhat tattered, as certain kleptomaniac visitors are in the habit of carrying off small pieces. I have a square inch. Now get back again to Garth Ferry and cross home to breakfast, but do not try to talk to the boatman in Welsh, it is a mistake. I have urged the visitor to Garth because the window of his lodging house should command a view of Penrhyn Castle and its quay, and also a view of the coast from Penmaenmawr to Bangor station; further, on a fine day, Puffin Island should be seen up the Straits. If you cannot see Penrhyn Castle, make a call there and wander round the model village of Llandegai. The old lord laid it out, and lived to see it flourish.

Let us now wander away among the hills. As a modest start we will take Aber Waterfall—a very dear spot to me. For long afternoons one may walk thereabouts undisturbed. The surrounding high rocks close in a natural garden, at the far end of which the water pours from a high ledge, and creates a stream below that disappears in the undergrowth of the valley. A more suitable spot for those given to daylight dreaming I know not. The fall at Llanberis is grander, and must not go unseen, but quiet little Aber has a fascination of its own. Nor would it do to return home without having ascended the great hill, by either crawling up his uninviting face or staggering for some miles around his well-rounded back. It is well to ascend Snowdon on a moonlight night, starting shortly before mid-night, it is so much cooler, and you may see the sun rise. You will find a sense of the uncanny steal over you when leaving your comfortable lodgings at dusk, and taking train for Llanberis, where you

arrive at night, just as the inhabitants are turning into bed. But do not be discouraged. Select one of the young fellows, who, having summed up your intentions, will crowd round you, seeking to be engaged as guides.

I once tried to do without a guide, and repented. The great thing is to keep on the track, and I got off it before I had gone fifty yards. There are old copper mine workings, dotted about the sides of the mountain, and it is not an unknown thing for tourists to miss their way in the dark, and to disappear down a disused mine shaft, never to be heard of more. Take a guide, and take his advice *en route*. The game hardly seems worth the candle, till about half the journey is accomplished. You are getting very tired and wondering why on earth you did not go to bed like any other respectable tourist, when the guide will casually intimate that there is a half-way house for refreshments a little

expects payment for these relics. I remember when last sitting in this little hut, the door was suddenly opened, and there entered three local Welsh preachers, of various denominations. The conversation was first centered upon the high price of the refreshments tendered, but when their thirst was slackened the trio began to mourn the unhappy position of the host, inasmuch as his calling rendered it impossible for him to regularly attend a place of worship. Moses replied that there was a little Bethel at the foot of the hill which he now and again attended, and which, by-the-bye, was in want of funds. Might he place the names of his visitors on the collecting card! He went to fetch it, but when he returned the reverend gentlemen of various denominations had left the half-way house some way behind. Moses had evidently had some considerable experience in clearing out such visitors. A few more weary hours of upward toil and the summit is seen.



LLANWEST BRIDGE YET STANIS.

way ahead. A minute later, and he points out a little shanty, from which glimmers a light. You make another vigorous struggle up the stony path, and now you are sitting in a little cabin, ready to pay any price that Moses Williams, the proprietor likes to ask for a bottle of lemonade or Bass. A jolly old fellow is Moses. He will tell you how, for years he lived at the top, and how he came half-way down; how his little house is often lost in snow drifts during the winter, and how ten out of every dozen bottles are broken before he can get them up to his house. From this latter fact, you are supposed to gather the reason of the heavy charge upon the glass of lemonade before you. Then Moses brings out a little case of odds and ends, each of which bears a printed intimation that you obtained it from the celebrated guide at the half-way house. Needless to mention that Moses

The view of the top gives you new life, the path grows narrower, and more precipitous. One more effort on hands and knees, and the top is reached.

The little piece of table land, or rock, that forms the summit is almost covered by wooden buildings, and beneath the shelter afforded, you may sleep till it is time to watch for the rising of the sun, that is if you like to pay the heavy fee demanded. You may also eat, drink, and be merry on the same conditions. Most people prefer to drop helplessly on to the ground, resting against a piece of rock, and wait. The surrounding scene is one that begets strange thoughts. Look at those mountains to right, to left, before, behind; are they mere masses of rock torn one from the other during such convulsions of the globe as man has never known, or are they living monsters, now soundly sleeping,

but that once moved, and will some day move again? Stay, it is unsafe for the sensitive mind to sit alone on the mountain top and conjure such fancies—there are terrible precipices at hand. Turn and watch that broad gash in the sky. There is the edge of the mighty sun, it rises higher, higher, and now the entire crimson orb is above the horizon. Who shall describe the scene? A sea of mist is being scattered, innumerable broad acres of it undulate before your eyes, and as you watch, now one, now two, and soon fifty peaks force their heads through the misty sea that is fading fast before the sunbeam's far reaching rays. Like oil upon troubled waters, the sun clears the mountain land of its mantle of night, and then spreads

before the vision a picture gemmed with numerous silver lakes, a view that ten times repays the toils of the night. Though no wish of sleep has crossed your eyelids, the descent is made with buoyant spirits; you call again at the half-way house, and bid Moses's little daughter a joyful good morning, and partake of breakfast somewhere in Llanberis with an appetite that is fearfully and wonderfully large.

On other days you will visit the far-famed passes and lakes, the slate quarries, and mines that go to make North Wales the most interesting place I know of in which to spend a summer holiday. But here I must leave you to search for yourself, knowing that the light of my feeble words will not lead you upon a forlorn hope



ON THE WAY TO OGWEN







THE TAP AT THE "GLOBE."

news-boys are calling "extrer-speshel" as they dart under the arms and between the legs of the hurrying crowd; and our wearied city man invests his third half-penny upon the pink-sheet, in order to enjoy the very latest in the quietude of his suburban retreat.

This is the evening paper as we see it on the street, never thinking of how it is compiled, or how it manages to change its news almost every hour of the day. Perhaps, then, a little enlightenment upon this head will be pardoned.

When most men are turning in their beds, cogitating upon how they would like another hour's sound sleep, and thinking it is hard lines to feel so tired and yet have to get up, just at that time the sub-editors of an evening paper have been at work an hour or two. The collection of morning papers strewn around are now mere skeletons of their former selves, and the "subs" are busy reducing long, uninteresting reports into short, smart paragraphs, with catchy headlines. These "headings" are an important feature, and do more to tax the ingenuity of the worker than the writing of the entire paragraph. It has to be done without a moment's waste of time, a fact that will in some measure condone the absurd lengths to which this branch of the "new journalism" has been carried. "Blazes at Battersea," as applied to a large

fire in the locality named, is neither ingenious nor creditable, but is undoubted proof that the sub-editor's fount of inspiration has been run dry by continuous pumping. In this way then, the morning news is tastily minced up, the early post of course supplying a quantity of "copy" sent in by the "liners" that abound all over London. General columns of the paper have been "put into type" on the previous day, book criticisms, general articles and that class of matter; the advertisements have also been previously prepared. This, with the sub-editor's early productions, and the staff reporter's descriptive accounts of over-night meetings, quickly form a solid basis for the day's issue. By ten o'clock in the morning it is necessary to have sufficient news, etc., in type to get out the paper, should anything special turn up to create a demand. A Whitechapel Murder, for instance, that has been discovered in the early hours of the morning, will bring out the "Evening" papers between nine and ten a.m. This, too, will be called the second edition, but that is for the reason there never is a first. Telegrams and special items of news are being received all day, and those are dealt with the moment received, and the leading articles are also brought as much as possible up to date, consistent with early publication.

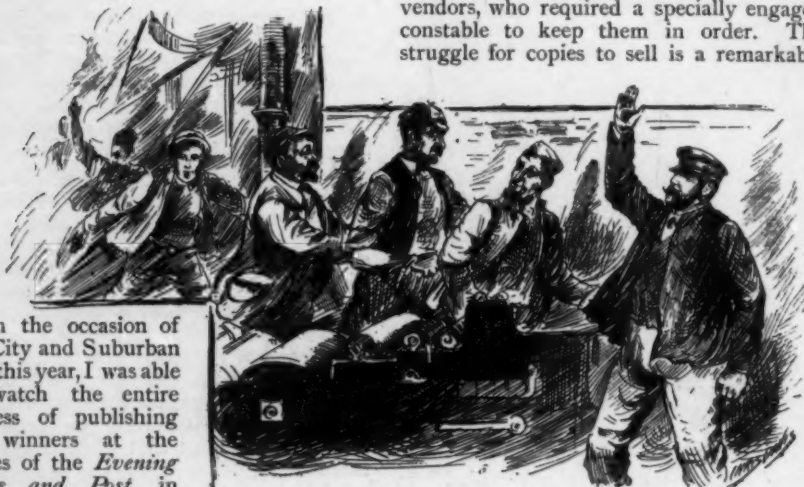
It is in the matter of what may be generally termed "results," that the evening paper is peculiar, and even wonderful.



HOW EAGERLY THEY ARE PURCHASED.

The strife that exists between rival offices to be first out with important "winners" or verdicts is as exciting as the race or trial itself, and I will endeavour to give some idea of how the work is accomplished.

machines were throwing off copies, and they barely seemed to have started, ere a pile of papers had been collected, folded in quires, and shot up into the publishing office by means of a special lift. Needless to state the office was packed with excited news-vendors, who required a specially engaged constable to keep them in order. The struggle for copies to sell is a remarkable



On the occasion of the City and Suburban race this year, I was able to watch the entire process of publishing the winners at the offices of the *Evening News and Post*, in Whitefriars Street. The editor courteously explained that by the introduction of what is known as the "fudge" apparatus, they were enabled to get the paper containing the result of a race out in the street within half a minute of the telegram being received. This almost incredible statement was then exemplified to me.

On the top floor of the office I was shown the telegraphic apparatus, and within a foot or two of it was the compositor's type case. The compositor had the names of all the horses running in the race set up in type, and the little iron fudge box was ready to receive the three winners in order. As the first letter came over the tape, the names of the winners were guessed and dropped in the fudge. Thus a second or two was saved. The box was instantaneously locked and dropped down the patent lift like a stone down a well—even more quickly. In the machine room below the men were waiting on the spot, and instantly seizing the fudge ran with it to the machine, and ere they had time to get away, the rollers were twirling furiously, and printed papers falling. This, however, did not apply to one machine only, as at least half-a-dozen fudges had been filled, fixed, dropped below, and placed for printing. In this way several

"RUN WITH IT TO THE MACHINE."

one, only equalled by the adroitness with which each man escapes into the street once he has secured his parcel. But in spite of all this, the papers are on sale in less than half a minute of the result being known,



FIXING THE FUDGE.

and how eagerly they are purchased, everyone is aware.

The result of the University boat race is always an event that means a fight for "first out" among the morning papers. I give a sketch of the result of this year's race coming over the tape at the *Globe* office. The race was described by those aboard the press boat, as it proceeded, and telegraphed from the boat by means of a

running cable. Thus the evening papers came out with a full report and result within a moment or two of the race being run.

General other instances of astonishing speed in publication could be given, but I must leave the rest to the imagination of the reader, and having taught him, I hope, to appreciate more thoroughly the value he gets for his half-penny.



EXTR' SPESH'L "STAR."

# Our Tale of Love.

WORDS BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

MUSIC BY ERNEST BIRCH.

*Andantino.*

VOICE. 1. 'Tis

PIANO. *mf*

8.

sweet to seek the mea - dows Where in gold - en days of  
- las! 'tis but an e - cho, I shall nev - er hear them

yore, We oft wan - der'd in the twi - light When the  
more, Those sweet vows of love e - ter - nal That were

*cres.*



OUR TALE OF LOVE.

127.

day was near - ly o'er - The birds there soft - ly  
breath'd in days of yore! Ah yes! they are re -

*dim.* *p*

war - ble, As they did in times of old; And me -  
peat - ed, Those dear words of long a - go. For a -

- thinks I hear the e - cho Of our tale of love then told.....  
- gain my hand he's clasp - ing, And a - gain he whis-pers low.....

*rall.*

“Love once, love is love for ev - er,

*mf*

Tho' the years fly swift - ly past ;..... Nought can

hearts once link'd dis - sev - er, Love is love un -

*1st Verse.*  
til the last!

*2. A -*

*and Verse.*  
last; Love is love un - til the last!

*rall. al fine.*



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for the  
**COMPLEXION**

Imparts to the darkest skin a clear, natural white tinged with the faintest rose-blush. Speedily removes Wrinkles, Freckles, Sunburn and Tan, and mantles the faded cheek with youthful bloom and beauty. *If not obtainable of your Chemist send P.O. or cheque for 2/6 to "THE BARCLAY COMPANY," 18, St. Bride Street, London, E.C., and a bottle will be sent per return of post.*

This preparation is guaranteed to contain no injurious ingredients, and therefore may be used with perfect safety. It is beautifully perfumed and is sure to give satisfaction. **BARRY'S PEARL CREAM** is most efficacious in softening the skin and preventing its chapping, and in removing irritation arising from changes of weather. Be sure the name "BARCLAY & CO., New York" is on every bottle.

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Remember that  
**EAT** **PEPSALIA**  
digests the food with  
which it is eaten.

Pepsalia not a  
Medicine. Used  
as ordinary  
table salt.

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**PEPSALIA** *The British Medical Journal says—*

In Bottles, **DOES** "Pepsalia possesses a high degree of digestive power."

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Chemists, or

From  
**G. & G. STERN,**  
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by **BROWN & POLSON** in 1856.

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**Corn Flour**

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no other has now an Equal Claim  
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AND INVALIDS.

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"HIGHGATE HILL, N.,  
"18th June, 1890.

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TRADE  
MARK.



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TRADE  
MARK.



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